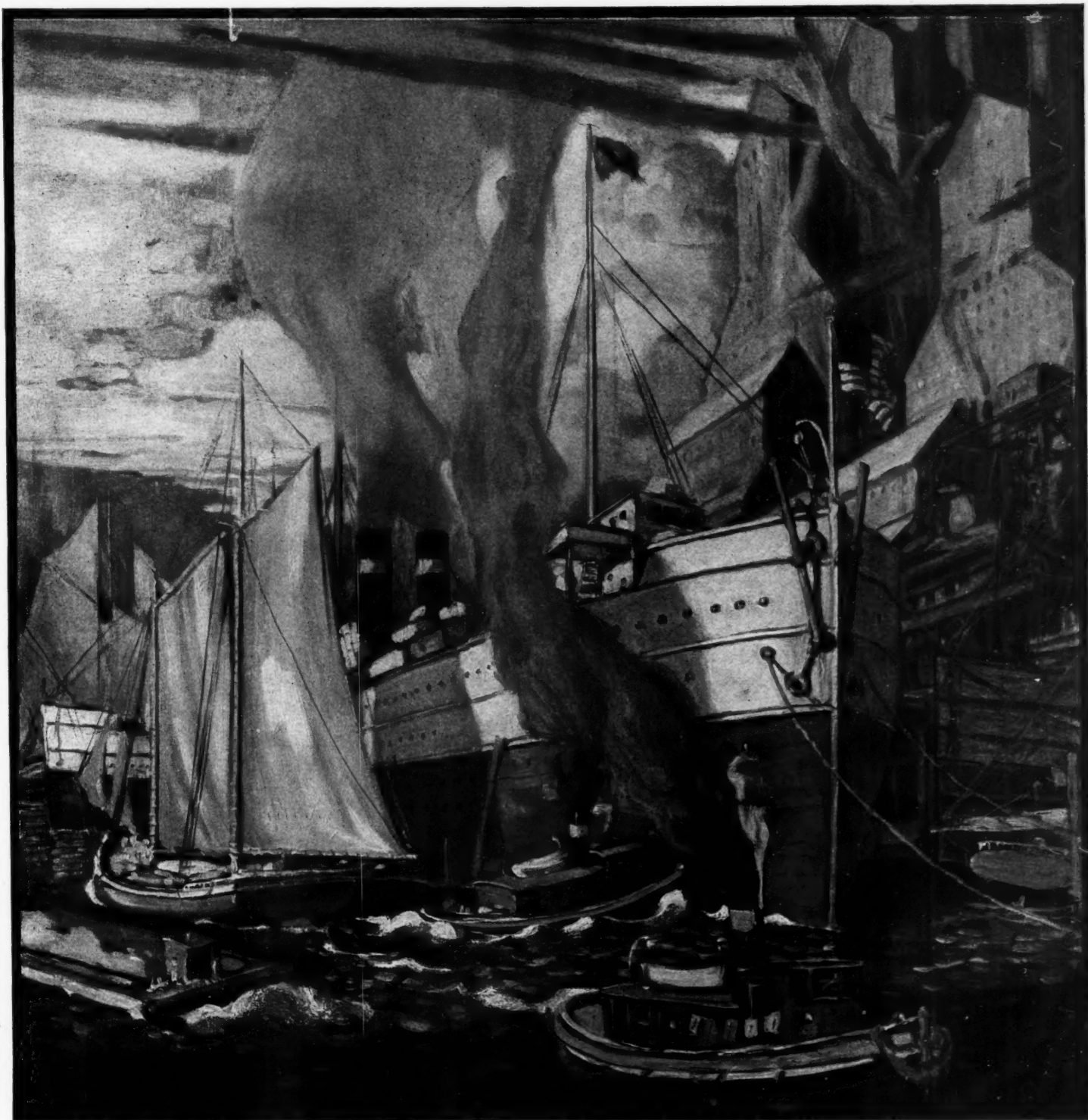
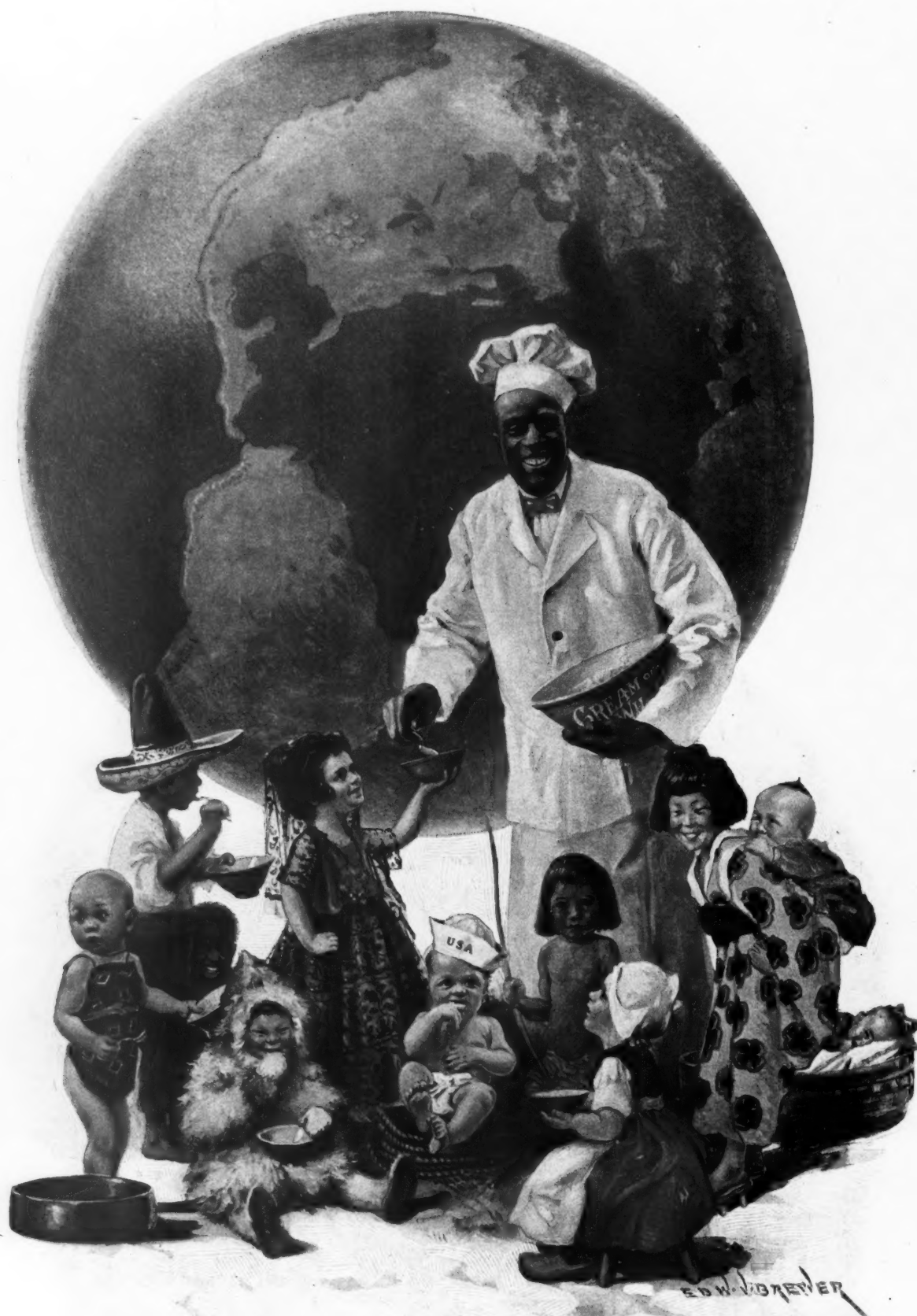


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



THE GATEWAY OF THE NORTH: THROUGH
THE WATERS THAT WASH THE SHORES OF
MICHIGAN POURS THE COMMERCE OF HALF
A CONTINENT • AND WHERE THE BARK CANOE
ONCE PAUSED AT FRONTIER TRADING POSTS
MAMMOTH SHIPS NOW LIE AT THE FEET OF GRANARIES
THAT FEED THE WORLD

AUGUST 23, 1923



"THE WORLD'S FARE"

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

Copyright, 1923, by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50—SEVEN CENTS A COPY



Chapter Four. News from the front

RALPH was so annoyed with Phil for what he deemed his unsympathetic behavior when Sneed had invaded the garden that he did not choose to seek Phil's companionship in walking home at the noon hour. He ate a more hearty luncheon than usual, owing to the fact that he had not enjoyed his customary morning feast of strawberries; and when he had finished he felt far from energetic. The clock showed him that he had ten minutes before he needed to return to his labors; he stretched himself in the hammock with a magazine and overstayed the allotted time. Then, without relinquishing the magazine, he proceeded to the Woodburys' place.

Surveying the garden, he did not know exactly where to begin his afternoon's work. There were so many little things that he might do, none of them any more important than the others, and all of them uninviting. As he was very hot after the walk up the hill he decided to sit down in the shade of a tree and rest a moment. He fingered the magazine longingly, but put it aside. Then stretching himself out on his back, he rolled over on his side and, quite without meaning to, went to sleep. He woke up to find Mr. Woodbury gently kicking his foot.

"Working hard?" said Mr. Woodbury.

"I—I lay down to rest just a moment; I guess I must have dropped asleep."

Ralph got to his feet, too shamefaced to look at his employer.

"I don't see much evidence of exhausting labor," remarked Mr. Woodbury. He glanced at the magazine. "It looks to me as if you came up here to read and sleep rather than to work."

"I haven't been reading a bit," declared Ralph earnestly. "I got interested reading a story at home, and I thought I'd try to finish it if I got a chance, but I haven't read a line of it. I suppose I oughtn't to have brought the magazine up here."

"I shouldn't object to your sleeping, I shouldn't object to your reading magazines, if you'd only do your work," replied Mr. Woodbury. "But if you've done anything at all in the garden today, I should be glad to have you point it out to me."

"I got the vegetables for the cook," said Ralph. "That takes quite a lot of time. And then I mended a broken window for Mrs. Woodbury, and I did a little hoeing of the potatoes; I was going at them again this afternoon. I surely couldn't have been asleep more than a minute."

"I don't know how long you've been asleep. I came home early, and I must say I think you're a loafer. There's that boy on the next

RALPH ILLINSON

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

place, always working away; and he works fast; he doesn't dawdle. I have no doubt that he accomplishes twice as much as you do when you're both of you working; and, as you see, he's working besides when you aren't. I think that at the end of the week I'll pay you off, and you needn't report for further duty. I'm going away on business for the next few days, and I feel that you're the sort of boy that won't work unless there's some one constantly overseeing him."

He gave Ralph no opportunity to reply, but turned sharply and walked away. Ralph stood dumfounded, appalled. He had been "fired," told in so many words that he was

down his face, but he toiled unceasingly. The very discomfort of his effort made him feel that he was rather heroic; most fellows in his position would certainly not be showing such a good spirit. He hoed harder and harder the more he congratulated himself upon the nobility of character that animated him.

And then he heard his name shouted from the garage; not by Bridget, the cook, but by a voice that he now dreaded even more than hers—Mr. Woodbury's. He dropped his hoe and walked wearily to face his employer. What new crime—

"Ralph," said Mr. Woodbury in a voice that was unexpectedly considerate, "what

"And I suppose you wouldn't either if you were in his place." Mr. Woodbury smiled and laid a friendly hand on Ralph's shoulder. "Well, just try to think that the weeds are enemy machine gunners. Maybe then you'll keep awake."

He went back to the house; and Ralph returned to wage war upon the enemy. He felt that Mr. Woodbury was not such a bad man to work for after all.

Under the chastening influence of reproof, hard work and fatigue he had so far relented toward Phil by the end of the afternoon as to be willing to walk home with him. He did not, however, confide to him the narrow escape that he had just had from losing his job, nor did he intend to confide it to his family.

And anyway when he entered the house there were other things to think of. A letter from Stuart had come by the afternoon mail. It had been written the night before an attack. The letter ran:

We're going over the top pretty soon. There isn't much that I can say except that I love you all, every one of you, and that I'm glad to be here. Of course I expect to write you many more letters, but if I shouldn't you'll know anyway that I did the best I could, and that must make it easier for you. All my love to every one of you—mother and father and Ralph and Stell. Wish I could kiss you. Stuart.

Ralph felt a thickness in his throat, and he saw his mother and sister for a moment indistinctly. Their faces were white; Mrs. Illinson was trembling. The letter had come only a few minutes before.

"Of course he's all right," Ralph said. "We'd have heard by this time if he wasn't."

"That's absurd." Anxiety made Stella speak sharply. "It takes weeks for casualties to be reported."

"I—I can't bear it!" cried Mrs. Illinson. And then under her breath she said, "I'm just going to pray."

She sank to her knees at the sofa and bowed her head. Stella and Ralph stood for a moment in awed silence; then with a common impulse they followed their mother's example. There was a hush in the room; the clock in the corner ticked with a strange and solemn emphasis. Ralph repeated silently over and over, "Please, God, let Stuart come home safe; don't let him be killed or hurt; please bring him home safe." He felt it was a childish little prayer, but he felt at that moment like a child, and the words expressed completely the petition that was in his heart.

He and Stella remained on their knees until their mother rose. Mrs. Illinson seemed to be now more self-controlled; in her eyes was a serenity that had not been there before. Ralph noticed it and wondered at the change. Praying had not made him feel any less anxious about Stuart. He thought it must be that he was not so religious as his mother. He decided that he would go to church regularly after this—especially if good news came from Stuart.

Mr. Illinson arrived and showed agitation equal to that of the others. "Get the papers, Ralph," he said.

In the attic the newspapers from the day that Stuart had landed in France had been carefully filed away in chronological order. Ralph brought them down.

"Read everything there is about it," said Mrs. Illinson.

So Mr. Illinson read aloud the story that the newspaper correspondent had sent of that bloody victorious fighting; and then he read



Stella and Ralph stood for a moment in awed silence

lazy and worthless! It had never before in his life occurred to him that he would have any difficulty in "getting by," and so long as he got by what did anything matter? But here he had failed suddenly, abruptly, to get by, and his philosophy was inadequate to such a catastrophe. He stood blinking. Oh, if he could only wipe out this disgrace by shouldering a rifle and taking his place in the trenches!

His blinking gaze wandered off across the wall and took in the figure of Phil Allen, working busily with a hoe. The contrast with himself, which Mr. Woodbury had emphasized so harshly, stung him. He would show that he had some spirit; he started in vigorously to work among the potatoes. "If I have to go down, I'll go down with my colors flying," he muttered; he was accustomed in moments of intense feeling to soliloquize in language that might restore his morale.

It was a hot afternoon; the sweat poured

Mrs. Woodbury tells me of your morning's work makes me disposed to give you another chance. You didn't do a very good job on the kitchen window, and it took you a long time to do it; but the fact that you had of your own initiative learned how and then did it is the most encouraging thing I've heard about you. It shows more willingness to take hold and try to be useful than I supposed you had. Now I'm going to give you another chance."

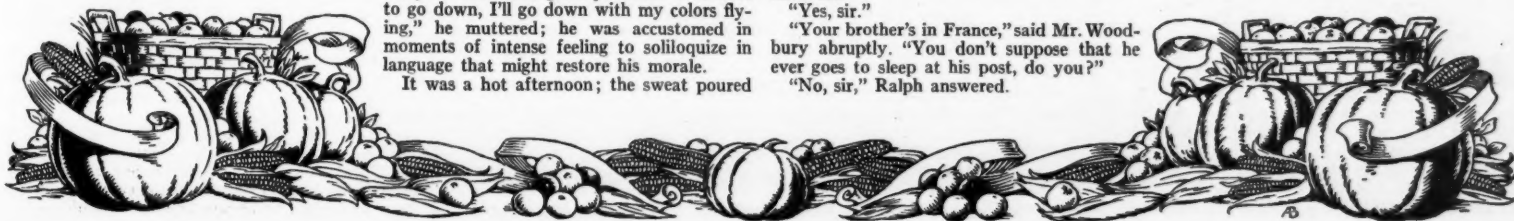
"Thank you, sir," Ralph said humbly while a great flood of relief seemed to overflow his soul.

"I told you that I should be away for the next few days. I want to see how well you can work while I'm away. The results will show me."

"Yes, sir."

"Your brother's in France," said Mr. Woodbury abruptly. "You don't suppose that he ever goes to sleep at his post, do you?"

"No, sir," Ralph answered.



aloud the next day's story, and the next. "The Americans organized their new positions, and the Germans gave up counter-attacking after the third day," said Mr. Illinson. "The fighting in that sector died down."

The correspondent's account of the fighting had been vivid.

"Advancing up a slope and being mowed down by machine-gun fire!" said Mrs. Illinson; her voice was quivering. "Oh, isn't there some way that we can find out?"

Her husband shook his head. "We can only wait—and hope. Of course we've realized all along that Stuart would come under fire sometime."

"Yes, but still I couldn't help hoping that the war would end before then," said Mrs. Illinson. "And now—even if he has come through this battle safely we can never have another easy moment."

"There are millions of others who love their boys just as we love ours, and who are feeling just as we are feeling," replied Mr. Illinson. "Not," he added, "that there's much comfort in that."

"No," said his wife. "None."

There was silence, and then Stella spoke up: "I'm going to believe everything's all right until I hear that it isn't. That's the only way to live."

"Yes, of course it is," said her father. "That's what we all must believe."

And that evening he insisted on reading aloud to the family a humorous book. He and Stella and Ralph all laughed heartily at times, but Mrs. Illinson could not do more than smile. Through her mind passed and re-passed the thought, "Stuart may be dead or suffering—and we laughing like this!" And she knew that her husband and Stella and Ralph each had the same thought, and she suspected that they laughed as heartily as they did in an effort to deceive and reassure and cheer one another and herself.

But, better than such factitious attempts to obtain amusement, work and companionship in work brought a stilling of the pain. It was a comfort to Mrs. Illinson in those summer days to have the resource of the Red Cross workrooms, where she could sit with other women, some of whom knew the same anxiety as her own, and fold and cut and stitch and feel while she was exchanging comments with her neighbors that she was doing something to help some other mother's boy and the cause for which he and her own son might be sacrificed.

So too with Stella, working at the canning kitchen with the sisters of soldiers, and so with Mr. Illinson; the service pin that he wore admitted him to a brotherhood of sympathy and anxiety among men; the fact that he was doing the work of two men that summer at the office in order to release a colleague for auxiliary war service kept him from brooding and wondering during the day. It was at night that thoughts and fears crowded upon the family—at night after they had gone to bed each one lay believing and hoping that the others were asleep.

Ralph suffered as little as any of them from the suggestions of imagination. It was vivid enough with him at times; but a healthy growing boy who spends his days outdoors does not lie awake much at night, however intense may be the nervous strain to which he is subjected. And Ralph's temperament was buoyant; it did not permit him to imagine or to believe the worst or even anything very bad for very long; it was as sanguine and optimistic as under stress his mother's was despondent. After a day or two he had a feeling that, if anything had happened to Stuart, they would somehow have heard of it by this time; he was not willing to believe that a cable on such a matter could be delayed more than a few days.

Yet the seriousness of the situation, the knowledge that Stuart was now in the midst of the carnage, did affect Ralph; it affected his attitude toward his work. It made him want to work a little harder and get a little more tired; it made him want to feel at the end of the day that he had been making an honest sacrifice of himself. And it seemed to him particularly hard that at such a time, animated by such fine motives as he was, and with anxious thoughts to trouble him, he should have to be exposed to small annoyances, petty, personal indignities, at the hands of Jim Sneed. Yet so it was. Every day about an hour before noon Sneed drove by with his beer wagon, stopped and climbed over the fence and down into the vegetable garden. His daily depredations in the strawberry patch so reduced the supply that in order to keep the house provided Ralph had to stint himself; and the marauder's insolence aggravated

the injurious act. Furthermore, Ralph dreaded lest either Mrs. Woodbury or the cook might come out sometime and discover Sneed; it would do, he thought, no good to protest in such a case that he had been powerless. The family would want to hire some one who would be able to keep out invaders.

Then one day a happy thought occurred to him. He had noted the name on the wagon that Sneed drove, and when he went home at noon he telephoned to the brewery and asked for the manager. Some one with a sufficiently gruff voice answered, and then Ralph said:

"You've got a driver named Jim Sneed, and every morning he drives up White Street and spends about half an hour raiding a vegetable garden there."

"Who are you?" asked the gruff voice.

"I'm just a fellow that thought you ought to know about it," replied Ralph.

"What's your name?"

"I don't know as I want to say. I—"

Immediately there was a click that signified that the man with the gruff voice had hung up the telephone receiver.

"Hello!" cried Ralph. "Hello there!"

But to his cries there was no response.

"Oh, well, go on then, you big stiff," Ralph grumbled as he restored the receiver to the hook. He continued to mumble to himself, "What'd he want to know my name for? Most likely he'd have told the lobster, and then he'd have half killed me! Well, if they want their drivers to waste their time, it's their business, not mine."

He had a feeling that he had been unjustly rebuffed by an unmannerly person in an attempt to perform a public-spirited act.

TO BE CONTINUED.



"Ain't you been told all your life not to come here?"

GRANNY AND THE OTHER

By E. Rose Batterham

scart. Huh, I could tell you—wal, I will tell you. Set thar fer a spell an' listen. I 'low you ain't never heard this." She shook her head significantly and spoke in a low, impressive voice while Alby sat by the bed:

"'Twas when I was a girl not much older than you. The trouble 'twixt us Bairds and the Clingfords was purty bad then, same trouble, each of us claimin' that strip o' land 'long Celo Creek, each wantin' it worse nor ever since 'twas said thar was a vein of gold runnin' through the rocky bank. An' thar was a deal of shootin' 'twixt the two families. We Bairds concluded that, if we could keep the Clingfords held up in their cabin fer a spell, we could dig up a lot of the rock folks said had gold in it and carry it off. One evening, 'bout this time of the year it was, an' we knew they was all at home by the lights in the windows,—'twas the cabin where you're livin' now,—I went with some of our men down thar. You recollect that big boulder at the edge of the woods back o' the house,—Cynthia said you had a doll's house thar onct,—wal, 'twas thar they left me hidin'. An' I had four guns all different soundin'. An' I used 'em too fer hours, shootin' at that cabin and keepin' the Clingfords scart fer their lives clost in the house, believin' all us Bairds to be firin' on 'em. And you think I might be scart," she added scornfully. "Wal, the rest of the Bairds did a sight of diggin' an' carryin' off rock. But after all thar warn't gold, and in time while quarrelin' went on the land was eat up with taxes an' was lost to all o' us. But hate 'twixt Bairds and Clingfords ain't no perishin' thing; allus trouble 'twixt us, one thing an' another, though the land of course was the beginnin' of it all. Now you see I could never be scart. Thar I was, a girl alone an' holdin' 'em back scart! Huh, I held 'em alone!" She chuckled over the remembrance of the time so long ago.

Alby's expression as she heard the story changed from wonder to startled surprise. "You were powerful brave," she murmured weakly, "to hold 'em alone. Now I'll fix you comfortable for the night, an' I'll be comin' back tomorrow. You're here alone and needin' me."

As Alby followed the trail that had been used for many years only by Sarah Baird's sole help and companion, the colored girl Cynthia, her mind struggled with her first big problem. Heretofore she had accepted with childlike simplicity the teachings of her great-grandmother, Nancy Clingford that certain things were definitely right, and that others were wrong. It was right for her to hate the Bairds even though her, Alby's, own mother had been a Baird. It was her duty to love the Clingfords and to try to forget that her own father had been foolish enough to overlook the traditional enmity of his people when he had married her mother. It was always a comfort to the girl to remember that he had been sensible and had taken his bride away from the mountains, where the feud would only have made the lives of both miserable, and that he had lived happily with her until she died, leaving a baby—herself. But the father had felt the call of the mountains and had brought the child back. His death soon afterwards had left her entirely in the hands of the last surviving Clingford that remained in Celo Settlement, the aged Nancy.

The incident of the panther had brought Alby face to face with her other great-grandmother, and she had felt a bond of kinship not far from love.

It was no wonder that the girl's problem pressed upon her. She longed to help her new-found kin; moreover, she thought she ought to help her, though the code of Nancy, whom she had always trusted, forbade it.

A WHIMPERING cry like a baby's that gradually became louder and more insistent puzzled Alby. It was strange that a child should be in such a wild, lonely place. She stood still and listened, and the sound, which seemed to come from a mass of tumbled boulders on the mountain side above her, suddenly increased in volume until it became like the agonizing call of a woman in distress. With a flash of understanding the girl felt a cold wave of terror come over her. Not the cry of a baby, not the cry of a woman in distress, but the treacherous wail of a panther! She turned and ran.

It is not strange that Alby instinctively sought the nearest dwelling, a two-room log cabin in the cove just below the hillside where the terrifying wail had interrupted her huckleberry picking. When she reached the cabin she paused an instant before pushing open the door. It was a forbidden place. All her life she had been told so; all her life she had been told that it was her duty as a Clingford to hate all who lived there. But what were family traditions compared with the great weight of a panther's body hurled upon her? She entered hurriedly and closed the door. She stood in a great square room on the other side of which was an old-fashioned bed with the clothes piled high and hiding all of the occupant except a wrinkled, anxious face with eyes that were bright and very wide-awake under heavy brows.

The two stared at each other. Alby, who was trembling a little with new fear, spoke first: "I was pickin' berries up there on the mountain, and a panther wailed out from the rocks. I was afeard and ran here."

"I heard him—hateful sound!" The old woman jerked out her words as if her own voice were strange to her. "He travels through these mountings twict a year. Where he goes to I dunno; he never stops. But he's my friend this time, bringin' you here, an' me bedridden, an' that worthless black Cynthia as usual visitin' her folks down in the valley. Who be you?"

"Alby Clingford."

"Huh!" The old woman started to a sitting posture but fell back with a cry of pain. She closed her eyes and moved her hands weakly on the covers.

Alby leaned over her and asked anxiously, "Tell me what to do. You're sick."

"Mainly I'm powerful hungry. When this rheumatiz gets me my legs ain't no use, and that worthless Cynthia gone— There's meal in the cupboard and maybe eggs in the nest under the steps if a prowlin' varmint ain't got 'em."

There were eggs in the nest, and meal, coffee and bacon in the cupboard. With skillful hands Alby made a fire in the great stone fireplace and coaxed it into bright flames, feeding

it twigs that soon burned up and left a small bed of coals, on which she prepared a meal. The old woman ate rapidly and with much relish; she gave a great sigh of contentment after she had finished.

"An' now I feel better," she said, but, suddenly remembering who her visitor was, she caught her by the wrist with a thin but strong hand, and, pulling her down, scrutinized her face. "I see now," she murmured finally. "If I warn't so nearsighted, I would have seen when you come in. Tall an' thin you be like the Clingfords, but your brown eyes with that wistful-like look in 'em an' your red mouth an' that black hair, so much of it, they're Baird. Purty you be, an' sweet lookin' like your mommy. Know who I be?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you been told all your life not to come here?"

"Yes."

"An' you wouldn't have come if it hadn't been for the panther?"

"No."

"Wal, that panther did one good thing in his life. I've allus wanted to see you. You belong to me just as much as you do to her. I've been keepin' up with you ever sence your poppy brung you to the mountings fourteen year back when your mommy died way off among strangers. Cynthia's a good one to find out things fer me. An' here you be awaitin' on me an' maybe likin' me a little—if you hadn't been told not to, eh?"

"I think I could like you," Alby stammered, "but I've been told so many things about you!"

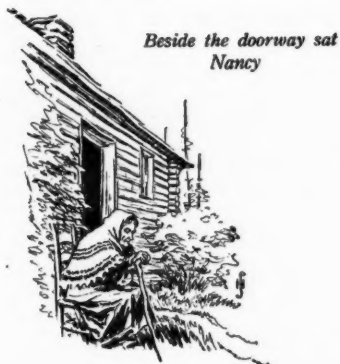
The other laughed. "Wal, you sure are straightforward, and that ain't a Clingford way of bein' anyways. I guess some of the things you've heard is true, and some ain't. Did you ever think as how I be 'xactly the same kin to you as she be? An' that, if it had been your mommy that had brung you back to the mountings 'stead of your poppy, she'd have brung you here to me? I ain't allus like this; spry I be most days 'cept with these spells now and then. Eighty-five I be. She's that too, ain't she? I 'low she's more doddery than I be, now ain't she?"

"Yes, granny's not strong, an' she's powerful deaf."

"Deef, is she? Huh; all my senses is strong, strong as yourn, I 'low."

Alby cleared away the dishes, made the old woman more comfortable and put food and water on a table by the bed. The keen eyes had never left the girl since she had entered the room; now they were a little moist and wistful as Alby said, "I must be goin' soon. But I hate to leave you in bed alone—"

"It's nice, powerful nice, to hear you say that, honey. But I'll be all right here till you come back tomorrow. Maybe you think I'm



Beside the doorway sat Nancy

The Clingford dwelling, which in the days of the feud's full heat had had two rooms, had since been enlarged. There was a roomy new wing of weatherboarding with a second story all unused now, since Nancy and the girl preferred the snug original structure of logs. The old cabin had its own entrance, and its own huge stone chimney. It seemed to squat contentedly in the shadow of the wing.

Beside the doorway sat Nancy with her knotted hand clutching a stick, without which she could not walk; her face held a thousand wrinkles; her body was a bent and twisted thing not unlike a gnarled mountain oak that has battled the winds of years and now bows to them submissively. She gazed intently down the road, and when she saw Alby appear her face took on such an expression of relief and love that you could almost remember that she had once been young and beautiful.

"You air late," she grumbled, "and where's your pail of berries?"

Alby leaned down to the old woman's ear and shouted, "I lost it. I—I was scart by a panther on Celso Ridge."

"A panther! Why, thar ain't any this side of the Smokies! You're powerful easy scart, Alby. You've been gone so long you must have had a sight of berries."

Alby's face wore an expression of guilt. Though it was incomprehensible to her, somehow she felt guilty at mentioning the panther and the lost pail of berries. It seemed that she was holding up those facts to hide the truth that she had been in a forbidden place. But granny, who was trying unsuccessfully to rise, did not notice. Alby helped her, and together they went into the cabin.

"Scart you were? Heard a wildcat or maybe a bird callin'? You ain't like I was when I was just a mite older than you be now." The speaker let herself down with difficulty into a chair by the table, which Alby was setting. "It was jest this time of the year too," she droned on, "an' I've been thinkin' about it, settin' alone, all this afternoon—"

Alby gave a fleeting, half-amused look at granny. She wanted to laugh, but she knew that if she did her laughter might turn to tears. No, she must keep on with her work and hear the story again—surely this must be the thousandth time granny had told it to her! Now, however, after what the girl had just heard at the cabin, it would have a different significance.

"An' the Bairds,"—the old woman's eyes had a far-away look as she spoke; perhaps the vivid past was moving before her much more plainly than the present happenings of her old age,— "an' the Bairds had been watchin' us Clingfords purty clost. An' we expected that they was a-layin' in wait for us on the Big Road to the county seat to keep us from goin' down to see a lawyer and get our rights about that piece of land that was ours but they claimed, sence gold was there. So they all went 'cept me, an' I stayed here in this very house an' had several guns. I was alone an' brave. After they was all gone I heard firin' from behind that rock where you had a playhouse at the edge of the woods. I knew as how they was a-plannin' to attack us. So I fired and fired my different guns, and they thought the house was full of us Clingfords, and they kept behind the rock for hours, me firin' every time they did an' keepin' them scart. An' I held 'em alone! You see I was brave! You remember that when you go after your pail tomorrow and bring it back full o' berries."

In the week that followed Alby started early every morning in the

direction of Celso Mountain and its huckleberry patches. The pail she carried contained lunch for two besides extra food for Granny Baird. She went first to the lonely cabin and gave the old woman some breakfast; then she left her to go and pick berries as fast as she could till noon. Returning to the cove, she ate lunch with Granny Baird, and after that she straightened the room and prepared the next two meals. And all the while the other's adoring eyes followed her. Always reluctantly Alby hurried back to the other household and its claims. That was her day—then to bed, weary and troubled of heart.

The berry season came to an end, and consequently Alby's problem loomed still larger. Then the situation became almost desperate. Cynthy sent word to her old mistress that she had married and would not return. Granny Baird could prevail upon no one to come and live with her in the loneliness of Celso Mountain Cove. "But, Alby, honey," she said, "I'd rather have you here one hour than all of Celso Settlement waitin' on me all day. They're scart; they think I'm cranky an' queer, huh!"

Granny Clingford took a nap for about two hours every afternoon, and that was the girl's salvation. Two hours was a short period for the two miles to the Baird cabin, the two miles back and all the demands it held. She was able, if she took great care, to do much of Granny Baird's cooking along with her preparations for meals at home. That helped; yet it made the strictest economy necessary. She and granny had so little to live upon, only grandfather's pension from the Civil War and the little extra she could earn by picking berries and selling flowers to the summer boarders who came to Celso Settlement for a few weeks every year. Besides, it was unfair to spend granny's money on her bitter enemy; to justify doing it Alby ate less herself.

Then another fear came. An old friend of granny's who lived near by had seen her two days in succession leave the Big Road and enter the almost obscure trail to Celso Cove. After the second encounter Alby spent a sleepless night. The old woman was a gossip. What if she should come "a-questionin'" of granny? The next night of wakefulness convinced Alby that she could not go on with her work unless sleep came. But it did not come, and she arose at daybreak, almost dreading the long hours before her.

Granny was taking her usual nap. In forty minutes Alby held Granny Baird's hand lovingly between her own and met the keen old eyes. "You air overdoin', Alby, honey," granny said. "I've been powerful selfish to be wantin' you to come here and look after me. I must manage alone." Her voice was sad. "But, Granny Baird, I want to take care of

you, an' I could proper if I was stayin' here. An' you'd be up soon again. I'm strong—"

"Huh, don't I see the roses has all gone from your cheeks, and the brightness from your eyes? I'm goin' to get up today and be takin' care of myself. An' perhaps," she added wistfully, "you can be comin' here now an' then social like."

But the old woman could hardly get out of bed and sit in a chair. For her to do anything much for herself was impossible. Alby left her and said as usual, "I'll be seein' you tomorrow, Granny Baird."

On the trail home something strange happened to Alby. At first the trees seemed to be hastening on down the mountain with her. To her bewildered senses the trail appeared miles and miles ahead winding over mountains and valleys—an endless, rugged way. But soon she felt herself being lifted ever so lightly up and up away from the hurrying trees, away from the endless trail, away from her problem and its desperate demands. Then all was dark, and the next thing she knew she was hearing the voice of a neighbor, Mrs. Sort: "Found her lyin' on the trail near the road, you say, Jim? She's all tuckered out. She ain't been like herself for a time, I've been noticin'. She's comin' to! You're all right, honey. Jest a minute and you must drink some hot coffee; that'll help." Mr. Sort laid her on a cot in the corner of the kitchen.

When Alby felt more like herself she told the Sorts her problem. There seemed nothing else to do, and she trusted them. "An' this is what I'm plannin' to do," she said. "It came to me clear like when that queer thing happened to me a little while ago. I'm goin' to tell Granny Baird that I know some one that'll take care of her till she's strong, if she'll come down to the settlement, an' I believe she will. There's furniture an' everythin' in the new part of our house—an' she ain't ever seen the new part. I'll take her there. Somehow I believe she won't be so powerful mad when she wakes up in the Clingford house if she finds I'm there an' won't leave her long alone an' can take good care of her. It's so powerful lonesome up there for her in Celso Cove away from everyone. Granny won't know; she's so deaf. But—but I need help." The girl's voice was eager as she turned from one to the other of her listeners.

Jim Sort shook his head. "I'm thinking 'twould never do, never. It's powerful likely she won't leave up there; an' if she did, when! when she finds out where she is!" But Mrs. Sort put her hand on the girl's shoulder. "It's worth tryin', honey. Yes, 'tis, whatever Jim says. 'Twould be surprisin' if she didn't do as you wanted an' you so good to her! Then you're lovin' them both an' wantin' 'em to be happy; that's enough to make it all right. Now, Jim and I'll carry her



On the trail home

down tomorrow night. No moon; 'twill be good and dark to keep her from seein' too much. We'll carry her on the little stretcher we made for Ray when he got his leg hurt. Won't we, Jim? An' we won't tell her nothin'; we'll act real ignorant like if she asks us anythin' 'bout where she's goin'. Won't we, Jim?"

The husband murmured something that did not sound like enthusiastic approval of the plan, but his wife went on with it just as if he had agreed heartily.

Alby's appearance on the morrow when she arrived breathless at Granny Baird's was proof enough that some way must be found to lessen her work and responsibilities. She was pale and was trembling a little from the effect of yesterday's fainting spell. Granny, troubled and anxious, looked at her a long time before she said calmly, "Today's your last trip up here, honey. You're a-killin' yourself. An old woman like me ain't worth it."

That was a splendid opening for the girl. Taking the old woman's hand, she said hurriedly, eagerly and with downcast eyes: "Granny Baird, I have a plan. I—I know some one who'd be glad to look after you till you get strong, some one down in the settlement. She can't come up here. Will—you go down there? Some of my friends have a little stretcher, an' they'll carry you down tonight if—if you'll just go. This person's a friend of mine," she added falteringly, for granny was staring at her hard and making her feel guilty. "She's a friend of mine, and she'll take good care of you. Will you go, Granny Baird?"

A long, anxious minute passed before Granny Baird spoke; a quiet little smile crinkled the corners of her mouth. "Yes, I'll go. I'll do what you say, honey."

That was all; no questions, no doubts. And the girl's eyes were full of thankful tears. How easy it had been after all!

It was dusk that day when the strange little procession came down the tortuous trail of Celso. Alby walked first to warn the others of the roughest places. Jim was next, bearing on the downgrade almost the full weight of the stretcher where Granny Baird lay, strangely quiet with her eyes closed a greater part of the time as if she slept. Mrs. Sort's arms strained under the load, but she was more than glad to help Alby. They passed near the well-known boulder where almost seventy years before young Sarah Baird had with such a feeling of bravery held out against her equally brave foe in the log house; and Alby took care to be walking between it and the stretcher.

They laid the old woman in a back upstairs room of the addition overlooking the towering peak of Celso Mountain. Mrs. Sort kissed Alby as she left her and whispered softly, "It'll be all right, honey." Jim sneaked out guiltily.

Granny Baird sleepily allowed Alby to make her comfortable for the night and seemed to fall asleep as she murmured, "Come an' see me in the mornin', honey, if you can."

Afraid of the thing she had done, dreading the morrow, the girl stole quietly downstairs to her cot near granny. That night she slept soundly.

She rose early and tiptoed upstairs to find Granny Baird, who greeted her with: "'Tis powerful nice to see you so early in the mornin', like one of my dreams come true. It was mighty hard up in Celso Cove to be waitin' all the long mornin' for you. But where's the friend you told me 'bout?"

Alby came over to the bed; her eyes



Just as she reached the door it opened suddenly, and Granny Baird . . . entered

were yearning to be understood as she murmured, "I—I have somethin' to tell you, Granny Baird—" But the words would not come. She wanted to run, she was so frightened, just as that day on the mountain when she feared any moment to be borne down under the dead weight of the panther. Only this time it seemed worse; she could not run. She must stay to bear the full weight of the consequences that her deed might heap upon her. "I have somethin' to tell you," she managed to murmur again.

But Granny Baird, whose keen old eyes were moist and bright, interrupted her: "I know where I be, honey. Yesterday when I watched your face tryin' not to be scart I knew where you was plannin' to bring me."

"O Granny Baird, an' you came—" "I be here. You're darin', jest like the Bairds, to think of doin' this, bringin' me here to the Clingford house, terrible darin'! What does she say 'bout it, I want to know?"

"She—she doesn't know. She's mighty deaf. She can't walk up these stairs. I can take care of you both now. O Granny Baird, I'm so glad you're here with me!"

"Tis powerful strange, all this. Anyhow I'll be only a boarder here, not dependent. Go up to Celso Cove, honey, when you get time an' look under that loose rock at the left side of the hearth. Money's there. My son, your grandpop, got it sellin' timber off our land. Tain't much, but 'tis enough to keep me till I die. You be sayin' she don't know, huh, an' I'm to stay up here secret like. There's things you don't know about the Bairds, honey."

Compared with the preceding weeks, life now was almost smooth for Alby. She was almost happy too except for the fact that she could never quite look Granny Clingford in the eyes without feeling guilty. Before this game of deceit her young life had been to granny like a clean, open page. Now, strangely enough, the old woman seemed not quite so deaf as the girl had supposed her to be, not quite so unobservant as her feebleness led you to believe. It was much more pleasant to be with Granny Baird, where she had to practice no deceit. The only uncomfortable thing in their relationship was that the girl had constantly to remind the other, "Granny Baird, please, you had better not rock your chair so hard." The old woman was able now to sit up part of the day. Or, "Granny, honey, please, don't call out when you hear me comin' up the stairs."

"Fraid she'll hear, huh?" the old woman said one day instead of her usual docile, "All right, honey." "And I see plain that fear is makin' your eyes dull too, honey, and sometimes a bit shifty like. I know your mind ain't easy 'bout her. It ain't fair to you."

"Granny Baird, I'm so glad you're here. Don't be thinkin' about me. I'm all right an' happy with you both safe. S-sh, I hear her callin'."

That evening as Alby and Granny Clingford sat at supper, granny laid her fork down suddenly and a bit shakily. "Now I—I ain't a-believin' in ghosts ever, but hear that! An' no one has come in the house today 'cept you."

Alby had been hearing the noise for some time and was, to say the least, exasperated at her other granny's carelessness. First it was the rocking-chair going back and forth louder and louder, but now—surely she was not coming downstairs! The girl hastily rose and started to the door that connected the two parts of the house. Just as she reached the door it opened suddenly, and Granny Baird somewhat shakily entered. She tottered to the table and sat in the chair that Alby had just vacated, facing Nancy Clingford, who, having expected to see nothing less than a white-shrouded ghost, was relieved to behold just another old woman like herself.

"Know who I be?" Granny Baird demanded of her.

Old Nancy shook her head.

"Wal, I be Sarah Baird."

At the name the other started, and her eyes became hard; but it was only for an instant. She shook her head. "Why, you ain't Sarah Baird!"

Old Sarah laughed. "You ain't seen me for nigh on fifty year, an' I have changed sence then some!"

Nancy's expression became puzzled. She hated Sarah Baird, always had hated her; to hate her had been part of her training and life since her earliest recollections. But the Sarah that she hated was a young, rather buxom matron, not this thin-faced, sharp-eyed old woman. The circumstance troubled her. She fretted like a tired child and held out her hands to Alby, who with face pale and

eyes wide with fear had been standing between the two. She took the hands and stroked them while granny continued to fret. "I don't understand, Alby, but I'm old; I feel powerful old and too tuckered out to waste my strength in hatin'. Why is she here, Alby, a-pesterin' us?"

"Wal, maybe there is some comfort in bein' old then." Granny Baird's voice was tremulous with relief. Her reception hadn't been so

very bad. She turned toward Alby. "I couldn't bear to see that hangdog look a-growin' in your eyes. So I've been takin' a few steps every day, gettin' ready to come down here an' see the lady of the house where I am stayin'. Now you tell her everythin' beginnin' with the panther you heard."

Alby leaned close to Granny Clingford's good ear and told her all. At the end she added, speaking in a tone that pleaded with

her listeners, "An' we three can be so happy here, can't we? I'll be takin' care of you both. We'll forget the past, all of it. We won't be speakin' of it ever."

As she reached out and put Granny Baird's hand into Granny Clingford's she glanced out of the window where a large boulder loomed against the green of the forest. "I held 'em alone," she quoted to herself. "No, they must never talk about the past—never!"

A GIRL'S CASH ON HAND

By Frances Lester Warner

THE amount of a girl's cash on hand is usually not large. We read in books about the wealthy young American heiress with a perennial checking account of fabulous size, but we seldom meet her in real life. Most American girls belong to one of three financial classes: the young working girl who manages her own wages, the girl at home or at school who has a small but definite allowance, and the girl at home or at school who has "pending money." Pending money is usually for incidentals, not for necessities, and it is usually bestowed on no settled basis; it depends largely on the tact with which the recipient asks for it or writes home for it.

These three kinds of girls have three separate problems. The wage earner's problem is the most genuine and unavoidable; she has to make her money hold out, because that is what she lives by. She also has the experience of learning the cash value of her work as well as the working value of her cash. The problem of the girl with the regular allowance is the most interesting experimentally, because she can adjust conditions to a certain extent and can keep control of many "variables." The problem of the girl with the irregular spending money is the hardest of all, because financially she never knows where she is.

The girl with an allowance learns to know the real value of money by the simple experience of seeing herself approach the limit. But the girl with a father who has told her to come to him for "whatever pin money you need" has no known limit, no sure prospects and nothing to base a single reasonable calculation upon except her own shrewd observations of the general results. She usually knows approximately what she can hope for, and she knows approximately what things will be considered as legitimate needs; but she cannot plan ahead with any safety,



always sweet and apologetic about it; yet month after month she had incurred debts for incidental luxuries of dress and entertainment. The young man was discouraged. The amount of the debts was never large enough to be serious, but it was always large enough so that the couple were chronically in debt instead of chronically saving their money. The boy's father was happy to help out when affairs were especially tangled, but there seemed to be no real logic in the situation. No matter how much cash there was on hand, the girl with the expensive tastes would run just

a little over the amount—not much, not enough to make a disagreeable protest about, but enough to make the financial situation constantly unsound.

"What I want to know," said the business man, "is how to train my own fifteen-year-old girl so that when she marries she will know the value of cash on hand!"

Then the head of the insurance company told what he had done with three daughters of his own who were managing their households on careful budget systems and helping their husbands to build up their businesses. He said that a girl, like anyone else, enjoys real experience with real cash problems. She likes to feel the sense of control that a fixed sum always gives to the owner of it. "It ought to be just large enough," said the expert, "to allow a reasonable margin for regular savings. Everyone who handles an income ought to save a fixed fraction, even if that fraction can be only a fraction of a dollar. Then with that fixed amount of saving as a basis every dollar saved over and above the amount decided upon is a matter of great self-congratulation. After a few months the most inexperienced girl will begin to take satisfaction in seeing her reserve funds grow."

Right there is the secret of saving money. The experiment in thrift should be a positive pleasure, not a negative deprivation. After a little experience with money the question becomes not how much can I spend but how much can I save for my reserve? The amount in the bank book becomes a very real source of pleasure. The business of adding to it becomes a constant game, never finished, never stale, because always it approaches a flying goal.

In a large office the stenographers one day were comparing experiences about the way they spent their wages. Two of the girls were paying for fur coats on the installment plan; their spare income for months ahead was tied up in fur. Another girl was saving to buy a sewing machine so that she and her sister, who were both clever with their fingers, could earn extra money out of hours; her cash was going into an investment. Another girl never knew where her money went; she kept it all loose in her pretty velvet bag; all she knew was when the bag was full and when it was empty. And not one girl in the office had any idea of ever having a bank account!

At an afternoon tea a group of ten sheltered girls began to talk on the same subject. "I never know how the money goes," said one. "All I need to do is to spend an hour in one shop on the avenue, and whatever I had to start with I have nothing left when I go home." The rest chimed in, telling how much the simplest necessities were costing and bewailing the way the money flew. Only two girls in the group had a fixed sum that they saved every week.

Perhaps those two groups are unusual. There are many girls who are managing their

allowances as skillfully as their fathers manage their running expenses in business. But if a special census of the country was taken, it is probable that the girls who are amassing a savings account with any regularity would be found very scarce.

In the street cars years ago an advertisement showed the chief of a business office looking over a bank book. It had been handed to him by a young man who was applying for a position and in itself was a record that was enough to tell any experienced business man a great deal about the character of the boy who owned it. Not a month had gone by without an entry's being made in it; the deposits had been very small at first, but they had increased every year until the sum total was enough to be the means of securing for him a good business apprenticeship. He got the job that he applied for, because his employer knew that a young man who could control his own affairs so steadily could safely be trusted with the affairs of others.

A girl has fewer chances to build up a bank account than her brother has. Boys

UNPAID LABOR



can earn money incidentally in many ways; they are often paid for work round the house and grounds by parents who would never think of paying a girl for an equivalent amount of housework. If a neighbor asks a boy to come over and mow the lawn, the service has a known cash value, and the boy is paid just as a workman would have to be paid. But if the same neighbor asked the boy's sister to come over and help cut sandwiches and arrange the salad and flowers for a luncheon, the circumstance would be a social event, not a business matter, and the girl's services would count as part of the amenities of neighborhood life and not as a matter of dollars and cents. That is as it should be; no friendly girl cares to be paid for the hundreds of graceful odds and ends of extra work that she constantly does for her family and her friends and for the community. But the fact remains that the tradition of the usefulness of young girls in voluntary unpaid labor does make it harder for a girl to earn money than for a boy.

Therefore, a girl's financial problem sometimes reduces itself to the problem of trying to save money when there is none to save. A girl who really showed interest in a bank

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS



account, however, would be astonished to see what new interest her father would take in her financial problems. There would be an immediate sense of partnership and mutual respect that is always possible between two capable managers—the kind of partnership that is absolutely never possible between a capable manager and a thoughtless spender. The careful producer is always the superior of the careless consumer. The slack habits



and there is no incentive to economize, except the remote possibility of being suddenly cut off with the old-time "shilling." If she is conscientious, she applies for money in minimum quantities. If she is the kind of girl whom college boys call a "gold digger," that is, the kind that will take all she can get,—she collects as much as possible. "Gold diggers" are often very accomplished, but they seldom learn to know just what a dollar will do or just what people who earn money have to do for the dollar.

An official at the head of an insurance company was talking one day with a successful business man. The business man suddenly asked for a peculiar bit of advice. His son had married a lovely girl with only one fault, extravagance. The father had urged the young man to take out a life-insurance policy for the protection of his wife, and the son had intended to do so and also to carry out other thrifty projects in building up his income. He had worked out a careful budget, had talked it over with his bride and had planned his business with thrift in mind. But it seemed that at every turn the young wife had felt that she must spend just a little more money than the amount, whatever it was, that happened to be on hand. She was

of the thoughtless spender inevitably must worry the careful producer. There is no sense of fair play between them. He has planned and played the game according to the rules, and then the careless spender throws all rules to the winds, dispersing whatever he has gathered together with no instinct of value for value.

The present-day up-to-date girl usually has a conscience about money matters. She does try to spend money wisely and get the most for what she expends. But unless she does more than that she is missing the real goal of the game: the process of getting little by little farther and farther ahead of the demands, always increasing her safe margin of extra funds.

To achieve that sense of marginal safety it is not necessary that we should have an increased income; it is necessary only to have a decreased outgo! Given a known allowance, we can always live as if it were smaller than it is and save the difference.

The most successful young "thrifter" in a group of enterprising young men admitted that the only way in which he could save money was this: Whatever his weekly wage happened to be from year to year, he imagined that it was ten per cent less. The ten per cent he deducted from the total amount on pay day and clapped instantly into the savings bank. Virtually he docked his own wages every week. Then he saved whatever he could beyond that amount, and at the end of the week he put it also into the bank. Thus he made a deposit at the beginning and at the end of each week, and he learned to be willing to put in very small amounts when large amounts were out of the question. He overcame that universal hatred of going to the trouble of depositing money unless the amount was large. Whenever his salary was raised, he stowed away the increase, still going on the old plan of acting as if his salary were much smaller than it actually was. By that method in spite of a natural tendency to extravagance, in spite of all the attractive ways to spend money, he had become a citizen who was able to build himself a house, to marry and to have a safe margin for emergencies. His one "slogan" was: "Imagine yourself poorer than you really are."

Whatever cash a girl handles she can manage with the same device. She may not have enough money coming in regularly to permit of saving a large sum at any time, but she will have the "feeling of self-congratulation" that every woman who manages money wisely enjoys.

Benjamin Franklin gave one bit of financial advice that is a great help in emergencies when we are tempted to throw control to the winds and to indulge ourselves in a sudden burst of extravagance. He said that anyone sorely tempted to buy a costly object need not decide at once to give it up; he need only decide to wait for a day or two. With waiting the decision can be more wisely made, and the possibility of rash and long-regretted wastefulness will be avoided.

The best managers of budgets and cash accounts recommend a conscientious system of bookkeeping. They find that the actual sums in black and white are the most helpful guides to thrift; the keeper of an accurate cashbook always knows what things the money has been spent for. But there are some girls who are constitutionally unable to

KEEPING A CASHBOOK



keep a cashbook readily or accurately. They let the book go for a week or so and then have a grand "intelligence test" for all their friends and ask, "What did I buy when we were in town together Thursday?" The friends try to remember; the girl tries to remember; and at last a sort of record is compiled from their hazy recollections, and all unexplained expenditure is accounted for under the heading "laundry." Laundry is always a safe caption when all else fails.

For that sort of girl the only sure way to save money is by means of the device of the young man who docked his salary. The girl can put her ideal amount into the bank at the first of the month when she gets her allowance, and she is perfectly capable of forgetting how large the total in her bank

book is. She is always having delightful surprises when she discovers that the amount is growing without any attention on her part except to put money into the bank when she gets it. The device of depositing and forgetting is her salvation. She will never be an expert budget builder, but she need not despair. Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking one time of fashions, remarked sadly, "There are heads that can't wear hats." In much the same spirit we have to admit that there are heads that can't keep books.

When David Copperfield was a little boy Mr. Micawber gave him a piece of advice about money. Mr. Micawber, who had just spent a term in prison for debt, had been

reading David a long lecture on correct living—a lecture that he brought to a close with one final bit of warning:

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, aught and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—in short you are forever floored. As I am!"

To make his example the more impressive Micawber whistled the College Hornpipe with an air of great enjoyment and satisfaction.

There are heads that can't keep books; there are pockets that won't hold money; there are bank accounts that never grow. But there is always a certain appeal about thrifty ways. The moment to begin to save is the moment the spirit is on you. The time to save money is the moment you get it. The time to cut down expenses is the moment you feel yourself making hasty purchases without stopping to remember that, as the old lady said, the change for a five-dollar bill is never more than two dollars and thirty-five cents. And the time to take solid satisfaction in your sound financial principles is the moment you open a well-inscribed bank book and observe the cash on hand.

THE JEWEL BOX *By* Gertrude West

Part II THE TURQUOISE RING

DRAWINGS BY E. J. ROSENMEYER



Linnet nodded gayly. "All for the wedding," she said

"I'm old; you may trust me, Linnet, Linnet," sang Ruth teasingly as she came down through the riotously flowering old garden at Hillslope to the place where her younger sister was kneeling beside a purple bed of sweet violets. "What's on your mind, pal? Why all this sudden interest in gardening? The old place hasn't blossomed so since we were all youngsters, each with a flowerpot of her own. Even then you and I never had the luck that Chloe and Betty had. Do you remember when we filched their marigolds to tie on our blossomless moon vine?"

The two girls laughed over the remembrance, but Linnet became sober in a moment. "I know now why our flower beds were always so forlorn, Ruth," she said. "We always chose our seeds from the names we liked best in the catalogues, regardless of what suited our soil and climate. Chloe had the trick of growing flowers, and Betty always chose the old stand-bys like zinnias and touch-me-nots—the things that do not fail."

Ruth laughed. "Wise girl," she said, "to figure it all out. Mean to say there's a moral in all that? Yes,"—she glanced about her,— "here are larkspur and poppies and pinks. So you are cultivating only the things that do not fail?"

Linnet nodded. "My moon vine didn't flower," she replied with a little smile.

Ruth looked at her sharply. The two had always understood each other well, and to the eyes of the elder sister there was something underlying that smiling sentence. "You mean," Ruth said slowly, reading from her sister's brown eyes, "your ambition?"

Again Linnet nodded. "Remember," she

answered, "I used to talk a lot about being an interior decorator? We always were an ambitious lot, weren't we, Ruth? I used to plan doing over the house every spring, although we never had the money. Cretonnes and chintzes and such things always did set my fingers itching."

"I remember," said Ruth gravely, "but you haven't been talking about it lately."

"No," said Linnet. "As you older ones finished school each of you turned naturally to the things you had always planned for. Betty was home one summer and went away to teach; Chloe had been graduated only a year when she got her position; since then she's home only vacations. You finished in elocution last spring. Next fall you're hoping to get into Chautauqua work. That leaves only me, and I'll graduate next year. Since Betty first left home I can remember nothing but comings and goings. I was last to leave, so I know better than the rest what it means to the ones who stay behind."

"I see," said Ruth softly. There was warm, sisterly pride glowing in her eyes as she spoke. "You're the best of the lot of us, Linnet! You make me feel small."

"No," replied Linnet in a matter-of-fact



tone, "you shouldn't. We must work. We're not ladies of leisure. Only your hopes, yours and Betty's and Chloe's, have grown into realities; you've made them come true. Now you're ready to make your way with them. Mine are still uncertain. Some one ought to stay with mother and grandmother. It had better be I."

Ruth nodded soberly. "But you ought to have your chance too," she murmured.

They had not known that Chloe had come upon them until her cool voice followed Ruth's words. "Forgive me for listening," she said, sitting down on the violet bank and clasping her slim capable fingers about her knees, "but I think Linnet has already had her chance—and taken it. Of course, youngster, we've always wanted to keep our 'littlest one' among the roses, but that doesn't signify she's content to bide there. I know how you ache to be up and away, Linnet, and yet going out into the world isn't all sugar and cream even if you are following your chosen profession. And you'll come as near success as the rest of us! Why, already you've grappled with disappointment and have taken the lesser part and seem content."

They kissed Linnet then, Chloe with sweet reasonableness, Ruth with cheery affection, and left her to her garden. And Linnet sat back upon her heels, smiling half wistfully, half happily, to herself.

She knew that because of her youth the rest did not take any ambition of hers so seriously as their own. Her ambition might, they thought, be only a girlish fancy, since it had not been proved as theirs had been. And the old home was the place for Linnet's youth and prettiness; that they honestly thought.

As the girl sat there the warm sweetness of the flowering old place unfolded her. It was quaint and homelike, the garden that Linnet had resurrected. Down the centre of it ran the trellises, woven and laced with roses—clustered little shallow-cupped crimson ones, dark velvet and deep pink ones, paler ones the color of early sunrise with pointed shell-pink buds, white ones, waxen and daintily moulded. Among them, mingling its heavier fragrance, clambering honeysuckle flowered here with tapering snow-white bugles, there with day-old ones the color of old ivory. At the foot of the trellis ran the blue lances of larkspur, clove pinks,—the rosiest flower that blooms,—sturdy sweet William and pansies; all the things that sweeten an old-fashioned garden! And beyond, only a border of green now, was the strip where tulips had flamed and yellow jonquils had flickered.

"Why not an exterior decorator as well as an interior decorator?" thought Linnet whimsically. "The color is all here; no one ever saw such perfect shadings in cretonne or chintz. I guess it must be the lack of public praise that makes the old garden not quite fill the place. I might work here all my life and win nothing more than the praise of some passing motorist: 'Oh, do see that dear old lady's dear old-fashioned garden!'" And Linnet laughed half ruefully to herself.

As she rose to pass on to the cool green of her fern bed she saw a small freckled youngster coming up the path.

As he approached he held out a stubby palm. "Here's two bits," he announced. "I want just as big a bouquet as it'll pay fer."

"Why, my boy," said Linnet, smiling, "I do not sell bouquets! Put your quarter into your pocket and come here. I'll give you an armful. Any kind or color you would choose—or shall I mix them?"

"Mix 'em, I guess," answered the youngster eagerly. "If you give me enough for two bouquets, we can have one in the front room and one on the supper table too. Mamma's goin' to be married this evening."

"Married!" cried Linnet. She turned and with merry eyes surveyed the small important herald.

"You've said it," he replied. "This'll be three times, and she ain't never had a wedding yet—just marriages; no flowers nor fixins nor nothin'. Us kids wanted to give her a sure-enough wedding this time."

"Oh, yes," agreed Linnet understandingly. She repressed a smile, for she would not have betrayed her amusement for the world. She knew the youngster for the small son of Mrs. Bandy, a buxom widow who cooked out among her neighbors in busy seasons and at threshing time. She had been a Mrs. Hubbard lamenting a late husband and supporting a brood of three when she came to the neighborhood, and since that time she had espoused and buried shiftless, kind-hearted Joe Bandy. That she was about to embark on another matrimonial venture was news to Linnet.

"So your mother is to be married again," she remarked as she dropped down among the spicy riot of her clove pinks and began snipping the fringed, fragrant blossoms.

"Uh-huh," agreed the youngster in his wise, elderly way. "We like this fellow; Nate Phillips it is. He's a worker and says he's got some saved up. He's promised to do well by us kids."

"Yes," said Linnet kindly. "Nate Phillips? I've heard he's a good man, and he's lived all alone in his big house a long while. I wonder—" There was something braggartly, bravely wistful about the little fellow that caught at the girl's friendly heart. "I wonder if your mother would like me to come up and help her arrange these flowers?"

"Heck," laughed the boy. "She ain't home. Us kids was fixin' a surprise. Mamma had a chance to cook a dinner for silo fillers over at Mr. Burke's, and she said just 'cause she was gittin' married was no reason why she shouldn't turn a penny if she had a chance; so she took her new dress with her and fixed everything ready and went on over to Burke's. Nate's to come by for her there this evenin'."

"Well, then," replied Linnet, laughing, "we will make it a surprise! Hold these pinks. Glory, don't they smell! We'll just fill the house with blossoms!"

Linnet piled the boy's small arms with the pinks and turned to the rose trellis. She thought for a moment of making up a bride's bouquet of tiny white rosebuds and maidenhair fern, but only for a moment. These flowers were for the decking of no slim, white little bride but for a brisk, matter-of-fact matron to whom romance was no fragile, dreamlike thing. They should be a rosy promise for the welfare of herself and her little ones. Suddenly Linnet began snipping the pinkest and most velvety crimson of all the bloom round her.

"Now then," she said as the great gleaming bouquet was finished, "I'll get a basket, and we'll fill it with sweet peas and ferns and pansies. Then we must be off. We've only a few hours to get ready for the wedding."

As they scurried up the drowsy road under the warm summer sun Linnet had little time to ponder the thing that she had so impetuously undertaken, for the little boy beside her, carried on by his eager excitement, kept up a busy chatter. "It'll be the first one of mamma's marriages us kids have ever seen," he said solemnly. "When she married pa we hadn't been born yet, and when she married Joe Bandy they just went up to the justice of the peace and had it all over 'fore we knew anything about it. But this time we're going to give mamma a regular send-off. We like Nate Phillips."

Linnet found the little house neat and clean, though its mistress had evidently had little time for such trifles as decorations.

However, upon the shady steps where their litter would not mess up the waiting cleanliness of the house two little girls, with awkward painstaking fingers, were fastening a flowering "Welcome" of fast-fading wild flowers upon a tottering cardboard foundation.

"Oh, oh," they cried in delight at sight of Linnet's flowers. "Are those for mamma's wedding? Did you get all of them for a quarter, Buddy? Oh, ain't they pretty—pretty!"

Linnet nodded gayly. "All for the wedding," she said. "Come help me put them in place, will you? But first finish with your violets." For Linnet had divined that no wealth of bloom could please the mother's eyes so much as that crooked little "Welcome" above the door.

The afternoon passed swiftly. Linnet made of the small living room the rosiest bower that ever blossomed and put great bowls of pansies on the neatly laid supper table. She was just tucking the last sweet pea into place when voices, one brisk and cheery, one a leisurely good-natured drawl and a third young and a bit diffident, warned her that the bride and the bridegroom and the minister were upon her. Loath as she was to have them find her there she could not resist a backward peep as she fled, pausing where the warm dusk wrapped and hid her from any peering eyes. Under the fingers of the elder little girl the brightly polished lamp in the sitting room flared up to show to the astonished eye of the bridal party the glory of the rosy little room.

"Why, children!" cried Mrs. Bandy. "Why, children!" Her bright face grew brighter. "Nate, see what they've done for us!"

Nate Phillips, the good-natured bridegroom, looked about and smiled. "Well, well," he said, "how pretty! We didn't expect this."

As for the young minister, though Linnet did not know it, this was to be his first reading of the marriage service, and until now, being little more than a boy himself, he had thought of it as a bitter touch of satire that all his work and sacrifice had led him only to the pastorate of an out-of-the-way country church to pronounce the marriage rites over a buxom, twice-wed widow who had no more lingering shred of romance than to spend her wedding day turning a penny for thrift! Now as he sniffed the cheery benediction of clove pinks and roses and saw the warm-hearted beauty of the rosy little room, the joy of the children who were dancing about and the answering gleam in the faces of the bride and the bridegroom he felt his vague bitterness lift from him. Even here was romance; even here was a fitting place for marriage vows; even here some one with loving hands had done service to make a beautiful long-remembered hour for the humble people whom he stood among.

As Linnet walked swiftly home in the dusk she was immeasurably happy. All the soft, sweet singing sounds and scents of a summer evening seemed to enfold her in a great content. Life after all was not a restless thing to be conquered, but a pleasant, tranquil thing to be enjoyed! The happiness that she had brought into a few faces that day had somehow stilled her craving for recognition. Her garden lying there so stilly fragrant in the dusk seemed instead of a "substitute for things denied" an achievement.

"I am an interior decorator after all," she said and chuckled to herself as, leaving the tender night reluctantly, she slipped into the house, passed the lighted sitting-room doors where her family were assembled and went up to her room.

There as she lighted her lamp her eyes fell at once upon a little triangular note lying on the dressing table. Curiously she unfolded it. "Chloe has just told me," she read in grandmother's quavering old hand, "all about the moonflower that would not blossom and how you have turned to 'the things that do not fail.' I was at my window and heard your talk in the garden with that mite of a Bandy boy. The rest have fidgeted

a bit about your afternoon's absence, but I told them I knew where you had gone. Linnet, there is an old time that runs:

"Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

"I think, my dear, you have the faculty of being blest even without the gem. Anyone who can give up his own plans and turn so

whole-heartedly to the task at hand needs no talisman. Just the same here is a little gift that I want you to have."

Linnet caught her breath, and her eyes were shining, for into her hands had fallen the trinket from the jewel box that had been grandmother's most prized treasure, the pearl and turquoise ring that grandfather had given her upon their wedding day!

LET GO!

By Zelia M. and Harry L. Walters

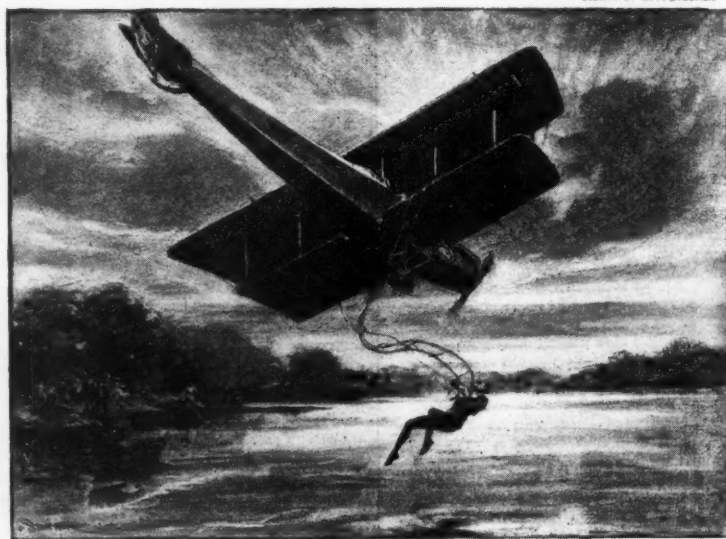
"I DON'T like this business at all," said Craig Anderson and looked across the field to his aeroplane.

"But it's just this once, Craig. Miller's in bed with a sore throat and a temperature; he can't possibly fly today. And this other bird has to have some practice. They're going to appear at the State Fair next Thursday. Come on and help out like a good fellow."

"Oh, I'll do it," said Craig. No one liked to refuse the chief, who was considerate of the flying men. "But I tell you I don't like it. I've

comfortably warm. A line of automobiles had begun to creep out to the edges of the aviation field, for the newspapers of the evening before had said that Signor Arletti was going to practice his ladder stunt.

At four thousand feet Craig stopped climbing and flew back over the field. He felt a stir in the seat behind him, but for some reason he did not like to turn his head and see the signor in the act of getting out on the wing. Practiced as he was in combat flying and with three years of experience behind him, Craig



He ... tried to shake the man free

no use for stunts. Flying is too serious a business to be made into a show for a lot of people to stand gawking at. And these wing walkers are the worst of the lot."

"I know it looks foolish to a man like you," said the chief soothingly. "But some of these dare-devil boys must do it."

"That fellow's all right, is he?" said Craig. "You tell him he's not to fall off while I'm flying the plane and maybe spoil a first-class flying man for his picayune business!"

"He's all right. He'll not fall. He's been in exhibitions before, but he wants a little practice with the ladder stunt. I picked you because you always know what you're doing."

"Many thanks!" said Craig with sarcasm. The field men were already attaching the rope ladder to a wing, and now the performer came out from one of the buildings and approached the two. There was no mistaking him, for he was dressed in a close-fitting suit of scarlet. Craig thought of a splash of blood and hastened to thrust the thought away; even the most level-headed of aviators are a bit superstitious.

The performer was a small, dark, foreign-looking man. He smiled engagingly when introduced to Craig, but Craig noticed that he jumped when an engine behind him started suddenly. "All nerves!" said Craig to himself.

Though Potter, the best of mechanics, had made the plane ready, Craig inspected everything himself. The ladder was of new rope and was fastened so securely that it would not give way. The little man in scarlet might be all nerves, but he showed not the least fear of engaging in his stunt. He chatted animatedly with the chief while they took their places, and just before the engine started Craig heard him whistling softly to himself.

The aeroplane roared across the field and lifted gently into the air. It was a perfect day; there was no wind to speak of; the sun was shining bright, and the upper air was

thought that to get out on a wing unless some emergency should demand it was foolhardy.

He couldn't help seeing the ladder as it was thrown out. A little later he caught a glimpse of scarlet below him, and he knew that the signor had climbed down. Craig flew on across the field, took a wide curve and came back. It was good advertising to stay near the spectators, who now fringed the field.

A glimpse over the side showed the scarlet form still dangling below. The most difficult part of the acrobat's feat was done. To climb back up the ladder and into the seat was easy. Craig turned again to come over the field. About that time he began to wonder why the signor did not climb back. There was no object in simply dangling from the end of the ladder. A pang of apprehension shot through the flyer. "But there's nothing the matter," he assured himself. "He probably found climbing down more of a strain than he expected, and he has to rest awhile."

The supposition seemed reasonable, especially as the wing walker had drawn himself into two of the rope rungs; the lower one was almost under his chest. Craig flew carefully, making wide curves so as not to jerk the ladder. Ten minutes passed, and still the scarlet shoulders had not appeared above the side. Craig was beginning to be anxious. He looked over again. Apparently the man had not moved, and there seemed to be an awful limpness in the dangling legs.

"Surely he can get back," said Craig. "Why shouldn't he? Anyone can get back who could get down there. If he were unconscious or sick, he would have fallen before now."

Nevertheless, Craig himself felt sick as he watched the man. In imagination he saw the scarlet form shooting through the air and later the pitifully grotesque heap on the ground. Then the man turned his head, and Craig saw his face; it was contorted and agonized. No, he could not get back! But why?

Craig leaned farther over the side. He had noticed at his first glance that the man seemed to be resting on the two rungs. Now he saw that a loop of the bottom rung was twisted across his upper arm and shoulder. It was drawn rather tight, for Craig could see where it cut into the scarlet tunic. Possibly the acrobat could not lift his arm enough to free himself and climb back.

Craig frowned. Was there any possible chance of saving him? Landing, no matter how carefully, would kill him, for there was no way for the man to avoid a terrific blow when the plane hit the ground; moreover, the plane would drag him at least a little way afterwards. But there was a chance in flying low so that the end of the ladder was only a few feet from the ground; then he could drop. Surely, if the man let go, his weight would drag the imprisoned arm through the loop. He would be hurt, but he would probably escape with his life.

Craig resolved to try it. With infinite care he brought the plane down so that the end of the ladder was not more than ten feet from the ground. The man must have sense enough to let go. He would fall only a little way. Craig dared only glance over the side now, he was so much occupied in keeping the machine from dipping so that the man should not hit the ground; but his glimpses showed the fellow still hanging there.

The people on the field now understood that there was trouble and were scurrying about excitedly. Of course there was nothing they could do except send for an ambulance and doctors.

Over the field and back again went Craig, and the signor still hung at the end of the rope ladder. Finally in despair of his dropping to the ground Craig began to ascend. Then a new thought came. If the signor feared to drop on the ground, perhaps he would drop into water. If he could swim,—and surely a performer of his caliber would know how to swim,—he could escape without even a scratch or a bruise. With a lightened heart Craig soared away for the nearest lake—Dollar Lake, it was called; from where Craig saw it it lay like a bright new silver dollar.

He dropped down over the water, manoeuvring so that he could fly low from one side of the lake to the other. Unfortunately, the lake was surrounded with underbrush and second-growth woods, and he had to keep high enough to miss the tops of the small trees as he crossed and turned.

He looked down as he wheeled after the first time over the lake. The man was still hanging there. Surely if he retained any glimmering of reason, he should be willing to drop twenty or thirty feet into the water! Craig came back over the lake. This time he leaned out and shouted, "Let go! Let go!"

He had little hope of making himself heard; yet the man turned his face up. Craig signed frantically with one hand for him to look down. The fellow moved his head slightly, but he did not let go.

Craig flew over the lake half a dozen times. Then he thought seriously of bringing the plane down in the water, but finally he decided against doing it. Though several men were standing at one end of the lake, there was no boat in sight; before they would understand and come to help Craig was sure the man dangling from the rope would drown. He himself would not be able to aid him in time; it would take all of his skill to get rid of his heavy coat and get clear of the plane before it sank. No, to come down in the water would avail nothing; it would cost the life that he was trying to save and possibly his own.

He flew higher over the lake and, still unwilling to give up, tried to shake the man free by allowing the plane to fall in sudden dips. But each time he peered over he saw the flash of scarlet dangling below him. Was the acrobat caught so fast that he could not drop, or was he afraid to let go? Panic? At first thought you would say that a wing walker could not know what panic means. But Craig had seen several such men and had heard stories of others; he knew that they were susceptible to panic, and that a small accident might completely unnerve them and for the moment make them incapable of acting or even of thinking clearly.

Twilight was now less than an hour away; yet Craig could not bring himself to the point of descending and causing the death of the man below. "I'll not go down until it gets so hazy that I can't see the trees on Wrenford

Hill," he said to himself. "If there is anything to do, I ought to think of it before then."

For the next fifteen minutes Craig flew in circles round the field. No new plan came to him, and at last he decided to go back to the lake and bring the plane down on the water as carefully as he could. He had no hope of saving the man, but at least he would do the only thing that would permit him to make an effort to save him.

As he started he smelled smoke and, looking down, saw a threshing machine pulling out from a field into the road. In a great mound at one end of the field the straw from a mighty threshing was heaped, and at sight of it a plan leaped into Craig's mind.

He turned and flew back to the field. The whole end was clear except for the straw stack; no trees or buildings were in the way. The barn was at his left a full hundred feet out of the path he must take. He flew down and directed the plane toward the stack. The mass of straw was well spread out and was loosely piled. He leaned over, gauging his distance, and he felt like giving a shout of triumph when he was sure that the dangling man would hit against the side. Certainly the blow ought to free him.

Craig took one more look, measuring the distance; then he went straight ahead. There was the slightest shock. He pulled the stick back to climb again, and for a moment he dared not look. When he mustered courage to glance down he saw the rope swinging free. The scarlet figure was gone. But was he safe?

Craig turned back, hardly daring to hope. People were running all over the field, but his eyes sought out the mass of straw. There was no spot of scarlet on top, and his heart sank. Then from behind came the scarlet form—walking! He was the centre of a crowd of people, and he was possibly being supported by their arms, but he was unmistakably walking!

"Thank God!" cried Craig.

A few minutes later when he landed on the aviation field an automobile dashed up carrying Signor Arletti.

"He's all bruised and got a broken arm, but he won't go to town until he has seen the aviator," explained the man at the wheel.

Craig walked to the automobile. The signor was cut and scratched about the face and hands. He was white with pain, and his bloodstained bandages made him rather a gruesome sight; but the broken arm was his only serious injury. He burst out in a torrent of gratitude, part in English and part in his native tongue.

Craig fidgeted uncomfortably and when the signor paused for breath said, "Well, I'm mighty glad the straw stack was there. But I'd like to know why you didn't let go while we were over the lake. Can't you swim?"

"But, yes, I can swim most surely. I couldn't let go. When first I see that I am fast as I make a try to climb up, despair fill my heart, and panic seize me. I say to myself I am now a dead man. I see myself smashed to a flat pancake. When panic get a man he cannot use his head at all, and but for this so clever airman I no longer have any head to use. But presently I see him looking down at me, and then I know he will try something if he can. So I clear my head a little so I may be ready to try if any chance happen to come. Then when he fly down close to earth I get ready to drop. I let nearly all my weight come on the arm that is fast, but it do not come loose. So I think nothing can help, and I do not try again. Maybe if I had let it go altogether I had dropped, but a man does not think good at such a time. After a while I do not know anything till something hit me all over, bang! Then there are some men that come and pick me up, and I see that I am alive and all right—pretty near."

Again the flood of thanks broke loose. "I think you ought to get to town and to the hospital," said Craig firmly. The automobile moved away with the signor still talking.

"Well, anyway, you used your head," said the chief, grinning cheerfully. He had been waiting to offer congratulations. "That brings no bouquets for me," said Craig. "As the signor came pretty near saying, the airman who doesn't use his head soon has no head either to use or to lose. If I was clever, it was solely as a measure of self-preservation."

"Quite so," agreed the chief. "But I'm glad I picked you for this particular stunt!"



A sturdy sport model with athletic trim and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction soles.

As natural as barefoot

All the freedom of bare feet with just the protection you need.

That is what Keds give you. They let the muscles of your feet develop naturally. You will find that well-developed foot muscles make a big difference in games and athletics.

The rubber soles of Keds are springy and strong enough for long wear. The canvas is tough and durable.

There are many different kinds of Keds—high shoes and low, plain and athletic trimmed—styles for boys and girls, women and men. You can get them with smooth soles,

corrugated soles or suction soles.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance look like Keds—no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions, and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. C-8, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoes

Test the New Companion in Your Home Before Deciding

OUR plan makes it possible for you to test this high-grade sewing machine in your home for three months before deciding. If unsatisfactory, we will return your money and take back machine at our expense.

New Styles—New Low Prices

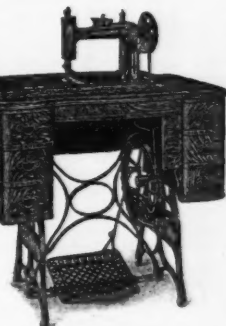
New and Attractive Terms

The New Companion Sewing Machine is offered in seven styles, including foot treadle and electric models. Each machine is equipped with the latest attachments and improvements, and each warranted for 25 years by the Publishers of The Youth's Companion. No machine, regardless of price, will last longer or do better work.

Our Low Prices Will Surprise You. Our unique system of selling direct from factory to home effects a large saving for each purchaser. Be sure to get our liberal offer before selecting a new machine.

It is Easy To Find Out all about this fine machine. A postal-card request will bring our free illustrated catalogue, trial offer and attractive terms by return mail.

PERRY MASON COMPANY, Commonwealth Ave. and St. Paul St., BOSTON, MASS.



We Pay the Freight

We pay all charges to your nearest freight station. Machines shipped from near points in Eastern, Central and Western sections.

EPWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

For boys (near Dubuque) 6 to 21.
Established 1887; Methodist.
Christian Ideals.
Essentially Military; fully accredited.
Upper and Lower Schools; separate halls.
All Athletics.
Enrollment limited; apply early to
Colonel F. Q. Brown, D. D., President

Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

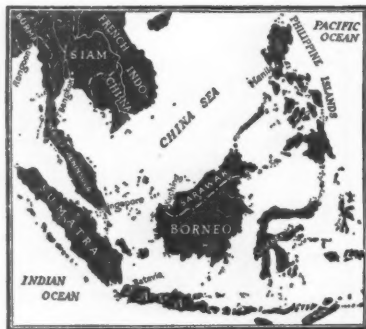
HAY-FEVER THE HAYES METHOD and ASTHMA
enables sufferers to get relief at home and carry on daily work in comfort. Let us tell you about it. Ask for BULLETIN F-238, FREE. Address P. Harold Hayes, Buffalo, N. Y.

Free Fine Violin and BOW

Not a toy—but a big, real, perfect-toned violin, absolutely FREE for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap Fasteners at 10 cents each. Easy to sell. WE TRUST YOU! until snaps are sold. American Specialty Co., Box 69-V, Lancaster, Pa.

Delivered to you Free
for 30 days trial on approval. Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes of the famous **Ranger Bicycles**. Express prepaid. Low Factory-to-Rider Prices.
12 Months to Pay if desired. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments. wheels, lamps, and equipment at half usual prices. Write for remarkable factory prices and marvelous offers.
Mead Cycle Company Dept. 3-23 Chicago
Write us today for free catalog

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.



A new Gibraltar
Singapore and the East Indies

FACT AND COMMENT

THE ONLY TROUBLE with "the height of fashion" is having to wear it a long time after the "height" has changed.

Who knows what he is told must know
Too many things that are not so.

THOSE WHOSE PHILOSOPHY it is to skim the cream of life are often astonished at the amount of skim milk that is left on their hands.

IN THREE HOURS a commercial aviator dusted poison over four hundred and sixty acres of cotton near Corpus Christi, Texas, for a price of fifteen cents an acre. Whether the poison applied in that way is effective against the boll weevil is not yet known.

A LARGE METEORITE that recently fell in India appears to include three kinds of matter. There is igneous rock of a slate-gray color, rather heavy and marked with spots of dark turquoise blue; a quantity of jet-black, highly glazed lava with turquoise blue veins; and a material that resembles coke in appearance and weight.

SCOPOLAMINE, the drug that is supposed to render its subjects incapable of lying, does not find favor with all of the medical profession. Some physicians have lately pointed out that the drug is obtained from henbane, deadly nightshade and prickly pear, that all it does is to produce intoxication and cause the victim to talk freely. There is no certainty, they think, that the accused criminal will tell only the truth.

THE PANAMA CANAL has paid a profit in all but three of the nine years since it was completed, but the profit last year was much greater than in any previous year. Colonel Morrow, governor of the canal, says: "Receipts from canal tolls are paying all expenses of operation, upkeep, depreciation, interest at three per cent on the canal bonds and so forth, leaving a net balance of from \$60,000 to \$70,000 a month. We have written off about \$100,000,000 of the canal bond issue of about \$375,000,000."

AT THE RECENT Pan-American Conference the delegates of twenty-one republics of the New World approved the proposal to erect a great "Columbus Light" as a monument to the discoverer and pledged their peoples to share in the expense and credit of the undertaking. The favored plan calls for a lighthouse rising above a stately tomb in which the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus shall rest for all time. It is generally agreed that the monument shall be built at Santo Domingo, in Haiti, where Columbus planted his third settlement, the one that took root and lived.

AN OSAGE INDIAN made rich by oil does nothing but lament his experience: "Hotel heap bunk. Town heap bunk. Weather heap bunk. Grub heap bunk. Everything heap bunk. Injun no like being rich. Oil well good for white man. Heap bunk for Injun. Long time Injun happy. Bimeby oil come. White man come, say, 'Here, take money.' He bring money, money, money. Injun go town, drink booze, play cards. Money too plenty. No can spend him. At last get tired. Buy motor car. Come Wichita, but no happy. Heap grief. Injun like tepee, squaw, papoose, pony, dog. Instead have income tax, oil well, motor car, hotel bills. Life heap bunk."

A GOOD HUMAN MACHINE should not wear out in seventy years, says Dr. MacCabe, the English army doctor who has written on human life, its enjoyment and prolongation. Over against the opinion of the Psalmist he

quotes Genesis vi, 3, "And the Lord said: 'My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.'" Arguing from scientific analogies, Dr. MacCabe points out that most of the higher animals enjoy a life span that is approximately five times their growing period. If man falls short of that, it is mainly owing to some kind of intemperance, he believes. Moderation in all things is his rule of health.

PRESIDENT HARDING

THE illness of President Harding, which the nation had every reason to believe was tending to a favorable result, ended with his sudden death from apoplexy on the evening of August 2. The news not only shocked the entire country but occasioned the deepest and most sincere grief. No President has ever established himself more firmly in the affections of his fellow citizens. Called to office at a time of strong political disagreements and awakened political passions, President Harding, without manifesting any of the weaknesses of an irresolute or timeserving politician, gained the respect and the love of everyone. It was impossible that his political course should have met the approval of those whose party affiliations and personal views differed from his own, but his evident sincerity of purpose, his shining patriotism, his sweet and lovable nature, his broad and deep humanity, made it impossible for anyone to think of him without kindness and affection.

President Harding was one of those men whose life we like to think of as typically American. Born in the country in narrow circumstances, he owed all his subsequent distinction to the qualities of his mind and his character. In youth he knew poverty, hard work, discouragement and difficulty; but he rose steadily by his own exertions to the best kind of success—a success founded on the profound regard and admiration of everyone who came into contact with him. He seems to have died a victim to the continually increasing burdens of the Presidential office. He leaves behind him a memory that we and our posterity can cherish as long as the Republic survives.

"EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN"

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the village of Seneca Falls, New York, was the scene of a convention of women who met to declare to the world their determination that all political, legal, economic and social discriminations between men and women should be swept away. The convention adopted a fiery indictment of man's attitude toward woman, an indictment far more severe than that which Thomas Jefferson drew against George III in the immortal Declaration of Independence. Man was accused of "repeated injuries and usurpations toward woman"; of withholding from her the franchise; of depriving her, if married, of the right to the wages she earned and denying her the privilege of entering the most honorable and lucrative employments; of enforcing against her social standards that he did not himself observe; and of trying subtly to destroy her self-confidence and crush her self-respect.

It was an extraordinary document, which the world of that day did not take with sufficient seriousness. For, although it did accuse man of some things for which he had no more moral responsibility than woman had, it was a just protest against the political and economic dependence of women uttered with a spirit that might well have given everyone who heard it reason to expect much from a movement so bravely launched.

That movement has already accomplished a great deal; but the descendants of the women of 1848 are by no means satisfied. Meeting again at Seneca Falls, the Woman's party has drawn up a proposed constitutional amendment assuring to "men and women equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction."

Equal rights, as we understand the definition of the Woman's party, include jury duty for women everywhere, the same provisions of law for both men and women concerning the control of property and the guardianship of children, opening all examinations for government employment to both sexes on equal terms, prohibiting any

discrimination against women in the better-paid offices and in employment after marriage, equal pay for men and women in similar positions, so far as any government can enforce it, and the repeal of any laws that discriminate between men and women in industry.

Some of the demands are obviously just and will arouse no opposition among intelligent people. But those men and women who have worked for the laws that now protect women against the longer hours that are often required of men in industry do not like the prospect of seeing those laws made unconstitutional. And there are a great many people of both sexes who still believe that the social and economic functions of men and women should be allowed to differ, who distrust the theory that the two sexes should of right be treated exactly alike, and who fear the results on society of encouraging economic and political competition between them. Those persons will oppose an amendment so sweeping in its terms, and there are enough of them at present to make the issue doubtful.

Women should control their own property, equally with their husbands control their own children and have equal opportunity in the occupations that they select. That is all clear and could be measurably attained by law. As for the other demands, we incline to believe that many of them are more or less beyond the law, and that certain social and economic influences that cannot be controlled by legislation will determine how far they shall be obtained.

COLLECTING AND CLASSIFYING

THERE are few children who do not undertake to make collections of some sort,—shells or minerals or stamps or butterflies,—and there are few who persevere and establish collections in which they take a permanent interest. Sometimes the reason is that from their parents or elders they do not receive the guidance and assistance that are necessary to enable them to bridge the practical difficulties of their undertaking. For any collection some kind of apparatus is necessary; and often the boy or the girl is unable without the aid of an older person to provide anything more than the crudest and most temporary contrivance. But even when the equipment is satisfactory the young collector may lose interest and become discouraged—not always because his interest was not genuine in the beginning.

To collect in the sense of accumulating and hoarding seems almost instinctive in young children. To collect in a more scientific spirit and with a purpose is not instinctive; it is the result of mental training. As soon as a child shows an inclination to make a collection of a special sort the process of training him to classify what he collects ought to begin. The boyish tendency to stow specimens away in disorder is the greatest obstacle to successful collecting. If it is not checked, the young collector will become discouraged by the mass of unclassified material that he has accumulated, and he will shrink from the work of classification, even though he did it eagerly when his specimens were few.

Classifying is of course the interesting part of collecting. In order to form a collection of any interest a boy must acquire a considerable knowledge of his subject, for otherwise he will be unable to make the necessary classifications and identifications. It is in approaching that phase of his work that he is most likely to need help and guidance. Often the sympathetic interest and cooperation of an older head are all that are necessary to keep him from losing his enthusiasm and abandoning his collection entirely.

A GIBRALTAR OF THE CHINA SEA

THE port of Singapore, which the British government has determined to make a fortress and naval base of the first class, occupies one of the best strategic situations in the world. Look at the map and you will see that all the commerce that passes westward from China, Japan, the Philippines, the East Indies and northeastern Australia must pass through the Strait of Malacca or else take a roundabout course that will carry it hundreds or thousands of miles out of its way. In time of war Singapore would command the way from the Pacific to the Indian Ocean. Like Gibraltar, Suez and Panama, it is one of the gateways of the world; its master holds the key to two of the seven seas.

Everyone admits that in fortifying Singapore the British government is making early and effective preparation for any sort of trouble in the Pacific. Who is likely to cause trouble there, unless it be the Japanese, we do not know. Great Britain and Japan, it will be remembered, are no longer allies, and, although there is now no likelihood of a quarrel between them, some of the speakers in Parliament frankly admitted in discussing the question that the increasing pressure of population in Japan and the extent of unoccupied land in the British possessions of Australia and New Zealand make it by no means impossible that difficulties will arise in the future between the two nations. Fortifying Singapore is exceedingly popular in Australasia, where the white race is continually uneasy in the shadow of the yellow and the brown millions of Asia. It is not so popular at home, and many Liberal and Labor politicians are openly opposed to it; but the British people are so thoroughly educated in the necessity of keeping a firm grip on the mastery of the sea that the protest of the opposition has not had much effect.

The works at Singapore are not in defiance of the agreements reached at Washington, for the self-denying ordinance regarding fortifications in the Pacific did not apply west of the 110th degree of longitude. No nation is therefore in the position to enter any protest. The Japanese, whether or not they regard the affair as a threat, are preserving a careful silence. The Dutch, whose rich East India islands are not far from Singapore, do not know whether they should be disturbed or not; but their government is pushing through a naval bill that will considerably strengthen the ability of Holland to protect its neutrality in case of war. We have observed no symptoms either of uneasiness or of apprehension at Washington, where, no doubt, it is believed that in any conceivable crisis in the Asian seas our interests are not likely to clash with those of Great Britain.

ELECTRIFYING THE UNITED STATES

THE electrical engineer of the present day is a man of imagination. Nothing is too great for him to dream of. At a recent convention in New York a Mr. Baum of San Francisco presented to his audience a carefully-worked-out plan for making the entire country into one high-tension electric-power plant. The plan, it was announced, has the approval of Secretary Hoover on the economic side and of Mr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the expert of the General Electric Company, on the technical side.

The engineers have now overcome almost all the difficulties and stopped most of the losses that are found in transmitting electricity over long distances. They have performed extraordinary exploits both in producing electricity of an incredibly high voltage and in delivering it almost undiminished at the ends of wires hundreds of miles long. Mr. Baum's plans call for the use of almost all the water power and of great quantities of coal burned at the mouth of the mines. He thinks the whole establishment might cost five billion dollars,—about one fifth of what the war cost us,—and that the annual revenue from it would be at least one billion dollars. He estimates also that it would save two hundred million tons of coal,—nearly half of our production,—would relieve the railways from transporting that amount of freight, would make electric power available anywhere and everywhere, on the farm as well as in the city, and would release several hundred thousand men from mining to engage in other pursuits.

The difficulties in the way of the plan are likely to be political rather than technical. The miners might object to being thus transferred to other employment, and some states would object to having their natural resources turned into a general fund. Many persons would object to having electricity at such extremely high tension transmitted over the countryside. Many would look suspiciously at the centralization of industry that the scheme implies. Carrying out the engineer's dream would mean almost a revolution in our social and economic and perhaps our political life.

But if the industrial age persists,—if the demand for power and the need for a redistribution of population continues to increase; if we move forward, as we have for long moved forward, in a greater complexity of life and a greater volume of production,—something like this vision of

the electrician must eventually be realized. It may then be possible, as Mr. Baum suggests, for the farmer to do his chores as the laborer will do his work, by pressing buttons; and that, we must all admit, would be a revolution that, if it could be extended to the kitchen as well as to the barn, would be beneficent and welcome.

THE JOY OF WORKING WITH MANY

IT is a common observation that creative artists enjoy their work. Some of them have been known to work with a kind of exalted fury because of the sheer ecstasy of creative effort. We see comparatively little of that among factory workers, though there is more pleasure in their work than some of our pessimistic writers are willing to admit. With an unerring instinct for getting the cart before the horse, some of the pessimists have asserted that the factory system has taken the joy out of work. As a general observation it is probably true that artists who work alone with simple appliances really enjoy their work more than machine tenders in large factories enjoy theirs. It does not follow, however, that all the blame is to be laid to the factory system. The difference in men may have something to do with it.

It is an old and correct observation that genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains. All creative work, whether of the artist or of the man of science, requires the most patient, prolonged and painstaking attention to minute details. The man who is not something of a genius, instead of getting pleasure from that kind of work, finds it irksome beyond his power of endurance. He simply cannot force himself to keep at it. Only the genius can keep on. The rest of us find simplified tasks—and every specialized task is a simplified task—much less irksome or more pleasurable. Give the ordinary man who is not a genius his choice between the complicated and multiform work of making a complete product and the simplified work of making a small part of it and he will choose the latter, if the wages are equal. Bench workers are usually eager to get a factory job.

As to working alone, few men like it; and unless a man is really a great artist he gets no more delight from making a complete product than he does from making a part of a larger product. The musician is no less an artist when he plays in an orchestra than when he plays alone, nor is his work any less "creative." To have a small part in a large creation is as satisfying to a real artist as to have the sole part in a smaller creation. That is not saying that the soloist in an orchestra may not have a more important part than one of the other members, but if so the reason is because he is a greater artist and not because he plays alone.

It probably takes more breadth of mind and strength of imagination for the artist when he plays in an orchestra to appreciate that he is a creator of something fine than it does when he plays alone; but if he realizes that the greater creation can only be produced by the combined work of many, he will be satisfied, unless he is a hopeless egotist.

Similarly, in a factory it doubtless takes more breadth of mind and strength of imagination for the worker to realize that he is a creator of something excellent than it would take if he worked alone; but if he is capable of seeing that vastly better and larger results can be had from working with others than from working alone, he will be satisfied to work with others; in fact he will get an even greater thrill or sense of worth by realizing that he is contributing an essential part of a greater and better result than he could contribute if he were the sole producer of something smaller and not so good.



CURRENT EVENTS

ON September 22, unless Congress meets in extraordinary session before that time, the office of national fuel distributor will lapse, for that is the anniversary of the passing of the act that created the office. If the miners and the mine owners fail to agree on the terms of employment, there is likely to be quite as much need for such an official as there was last year; and even if mining goes forward under a new agreement, there

may be complications and difficulties in distributing coal that the national official might well attend to. Even the Interstate Commerce Commission will have no real authority to deal with the situation after the emergency act expires on September 22.

FORTY-ONE big printing plants in Berlin do nothing but print money night and day, seven days in the week. In the first week in July the incredible amount of nearly three trillion marks was added to the paper currency. Nothing smaller than a thousand-mark note is printed now, for it costs more to print a note of a smaller denomination than the note itself is worth when printed. The situation is so absurd as to be almost incredible.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

THOSE who read and enjoyed that lively tale of a girl angler, *Light Tackle*, will be glad to hear that *The Companion* will print a sequel to it next week entitled

THE BLACK TROUT

The heroine is resourceful in a delightfully feminine way and triumphantly solves the problem that baffled the men.

BURNING OUT THE STINGERS

is an exciting story describing the adventure of a painter who was painting a sign on the face of a cliff, and who tried to burn out some wasps that disputed the place with him.

There will be a story that concerns a young girl, a young woman and a mother, that touches the problems peculiar to the age of each and that is unusually interesting and pathetic. It is entitled

THE THING CALLED GENIUS

The article for the issue deals with the oddest and most amusing of birds—the curiously human-looking biped

JOHNNY PENGUIN

Mr. Pier's serial story *Ralph Illinson* is rapidly approaching its highly dramatic climax. Following it will appear, our readers may like to know, an unusually interesting story for girls—Mrs. Seaman's tale of mystery in the *Sunny South*

THE EDGE OF RAVEN POOL

THE Siwa oasis has long been one of the "inaccessible" spots on the surface of the earth. It lies four hundred miles west of the Nile in the midst of the great Sahara Desert. Long before the birth of Christ it was a famous place, for the great temple and the oracle of Jupiter Ammon were there. Until recently it could be reached from Cairo only by camel back—a long and difficult journey across the trackless desert. But the other day two automobiles of the Desert Touring Club made the trip from Alexandria in forty hours. The oasis is seventy-two feet below sea level. Thirty miles long by six miles wide, it has two hundred wells, which supply water for a population of four thousand, and produces the finest dates and olives in the world.

SO far as we can judge, the quarrel between Governor-General Wood and some of the Filipino politicians, which led to the resignation of the native members of the cabinet, was not a matter of real importance. It arose over the attempt of Filipino officials to discipline the chief of the government secret service, who had offended by trying to put a stop to open gambling in Manila. The affair appears to have been the result of personal pique, for the Governor-General has done many other things that his enemies could have turned into political issues with some semblance of dignity and sincerity; but to those things the Filipino officials have submitted; they chose to resign because a police officer who was too active for their convenience was reinstated after being dismissed.

A SPECIAL committee of the Institute of Economics, appointed to investigate the actual financial situation in Germany, has reported that property amounting to almost five billion dollars has already passed from Germany to the Allies, and that the Germans are not in a position to make substantial

payments unless the restrictions on trade are so modified that the Germans can earn through foreign commerce the kind of money that the Allies will accept.

THE picturesque career of Pancho Villa is ended. For a time he was the most persistent of claimants for space on the front pages of the newspapers, and even since he retired his name has been suggestive enough to make any news about it of wide interest. He was a bandit and a rebel, but a brave and resourceful man. His end was violent, as might have been expected; he was shot from ambush by men who had sworn to take his life in vengeance for the death of several members of the Herrera family whom he had had executed while he was conducting his rebellion against President Carranza.

THE American Farm Bureau Federation proposes to withdraw two hundred million bushels of the current wheat crop, store it on farms or in cooperative elevators and finance the affair by means of money made available by the new intermediate credit act. Farm bins would be designated as bonded warehouses by the government, and the farmer, through the credit system, could borrow up to three quarters of the value of his wheat, which he could hold until prices advanced to a satisfactory point. Mr. Bradfute, president of the Federation, thinks that the plan would raise the price of wheat to \$1.40 or \$1.50 a bushel. There would be some danger, however, that the rise in price would lead to planting more instead of less wheat and consequently to a still larger surplus next year. Until the foreign market is in a position to take our wheat at good prices whatever we raise in excess of our own needs seems likely to be a drag on the market price.

THERE is still romance on the sea, though sails have given place to steam and internal-combustion engines. Did you read the story of the *Trevesa*, a British cargo boat that went down in the Indian Ocean in June? Rescue ships failed to find any trace of the crew, but the forty-four men were all the time sailing westward in two ship's boats toward the nearest land—fifteen hundred miles away. The captain's boat reached the island of Rodriguez after twenty-two days at sea, and the mate's boat was picked up off Mauritius three days later. The sailors in the first boat, says the *Spectator*, encouraged by an old salt sixty years of age, a reincarnation of Masterman Ready, kept cheerfully to a daily ration of one biscuit and as much water as would fill the cover of a cigarette tin. They had a week's supply left at the end. The men in the other boat were less fortunate or less frugal and much of the time had to depend on catching such rain water as fell. Several Lascar seamen died of drinking sea water, though they must have known, as Homer's Greeks knew, that it was fatal. Thirty-six men survived the remarkable voyage.

BRITISH archaeologists have been at work on the site of Sparta, and, though they have not yet uncovered anything of first-rate historic importance, they have found a variety of ancient carvings, vases and articles of personal adornment that show that the Spartans were not always of the austere and harsh character that distinguished them during the classical period. In the great days of Greece Sparta was a military power, but it possessed almost no art. In the earlier ages, following the appearance of the Dorians in Laconia, there was a lively and promising art that shows evidences of having been influenced by work from Cyrene in northern Africa.

HERE'S a new kind of union. The mathematicians of Germany have organized to spread abroad the practical and cultural significance of mathematics throughout Germany, where, they say, there are to be observed "unfriendly tendencies" toward mathematics. We have always understood that a good many of the younger students in that study did not feel kindly toward it, but we had not supposed that their influence was strong enough to make a union of schoolmasters necessary to fight it. Perhaps the Germans have become disgusted with mathematics by the daily necessity of figuring up to the third or fourth decimal just how much the mark is worth.

Stacombe
—To
Train Boys' Hair

Mothers—use STACOMB if your boy has stubborn or unruly hair and to train his pompadour.
Controls hair after a shampoo or a swim.
Leaves it soft and lustrous.
Replaces bandolines.
For women too—keeps stray ends and short locks in place and keeps curl in. Thousands of men have better looking hair now because they use STACOMB.
Try it. At all drug counters.
Insist on STACOMB—the original—in yellow and black striped package.

Tubes—35c
Jars—75c

Send Coupon for Free Miniature Trial Tube.

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.
750 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles, California. Dept. 5-AH
Please send me miniature free trial tube.

Name _____
Address _____

WRIGLEY'S
After Every Meal

Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment.

Aids digestion.
Allays thirst.
Soothes the throat.

For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS

BOOKS

A little money spent in the wise choice of a good book puts you in possession of sources of enduring happiness.

Patterns for New Bead Work

Twelve New Hot Dish Mats 2c
Allen Fringe Purse Bag 2c
California Vesta Bag 2c
Best Cut Lustrous Beads 10c per bunch
Lowest Price Quoted for Twenty Years
Allen's Boston Bead Store, 2 Winter St., Boston, Mass.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



TELEPHONE WIRES

By Gertrude Boughton Urquhart

From my spruce tree to the balsam
There are rows of wire that go.
Where they come from, where they're
going,
I must ask of those who know.

But I like to play that greetings
Fly along them past me here,
Messages brimful of gladness,
Friendly, kind, and full of cheer.



MR. HOO-HOO AND THE JAYS

By Elizabeth Jenkins

MR. HOO-HOO was a handsome old horned owl who lived in a big elm tree in a city park. Now everyone knows that owls keep queer hours. About the time that you are eating your breakfast,

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH JENKINS



Mr. Hoo-Hoo

this old gentleman owl is going to bed inside a hollow tree. He sleeps in the daytime.

On the day of our story he had settled himself comfortably to sleep and closed his big round yellow eyes in contentment, for he had spent a profitable night and his meals had been excellent. Nothing would have happened at all if it had not been for Jackie Jay. Wherever you find Jackie you find something happening.

Jackie had just stolen three robin's eggs from a nest in a near-by apple tree and was looking round for other mischief to do. Seeing Mr. Hoo-Hoo, he perched himself upon a branch over the old owl's head and sang in a loud voice:

"Mr. Owl sat in a hole—
Jay! Jay! Jay!
Big and fat and blind as a mole—
Jay! Jay! Jay!"

"That isn't so," answered Mr. Hoo-Hoo. "It is true that I can see better at night than I can in the daytime, but I can see you plainly enough. I do not like your loud voice, and I wish you would go somewhere else."

That is just what Jackie wanted him to say, for he was determined to tease Mr. Hoo-Hoo and keep him awake. It is annoying indeed to have some one singing "Jay! Jay! Jay!" when you want to sleep.

After a while old Hoo-Hoo got angry and snapped his beak at Jackie so fiercely that Jackie had to fly away to save his tail feathers. He flew to the old maple tree, where he found his cousins, Jane and Tommy Jay, and his brother John.

"Come on, let's have some fun with old Hoo-Hoo," said Jackie with a chuckle.

So John and Jane and Tommy and Jackie flew just as near to old Hoo-Hoo as they dared, and each one gave him a dig with his beak as he passed him.

How they chuckled when Hoo-Hoo furiously snapped his beak at them and cried, "You ill-mannered creatures, I should think you would be ashamed of yourselves."

But they were not ashamed of themselves. They kept on teasing the poor sleepy owl until they grew tired and then they flew away. But by that time they had quite spoiled old Hoo-Hoo's rest.

The four mischievous jays flew off about their business and did not think of the old owl any more. They gathered corn and pretty bright nails and hickory nuts from back porches and tucked them out of sight in secret places, for jays love a treasure heap. John found a nice bright milk check; Jackie found a red string; Jane found a piece of tin foil and Tommy found a clothes-pin; and, oh, what fun they had! Then they stole a piece of bread that the sparrows had found and gobbled up every crumb of it. They were four very bad little jay birds all that day.

But that night when they sat in a row in the top of the elm tree with their heads tucked into their soft gray shoulders they did not look naughty at all. They looked soft and babyish and lovable. But they hadn't enjoyed more than forty winks when old Hoo-Hoo came along, for night was the time when he got up.

"So! Wake up now! Two can play at your game!" said the old owl, snapping his beak at each little jay bird's downy head. All the little jay birds woke up at once, and when they saw old Hoo-Hoo's great round eyes they were very much frightened, for at night the old owl's eyes looked as big to them as the dial on the church clock. So they flew hastily through the dark from the old elm tree to the old maple; and they bumped their heads, for not one of them could see in the dark.

Old Hoo-Hoo wasn't going to let them off so easily. He flew after them and snapped his beak and opened his big mouth as if he had intended to swallow them.

"You will keep a self-respecting owl awake all day, will you? Well then I shall keep you awake all night!" said he.

And he chased them from the maple tree to the apple tree and from the apple tree to the old oak. They bumped their heads, and they lost several of their prettiest tail feathers, for old Hoo-Hoo's beak was sharp and quick.

At last Jackie begged, "Please, Mr. Owl, let us sleep in peace, and we will never, never annoy you again."

"So, that's the way the wind blows!" said Hoo-Hoo.

"It is," said John earnestly.

"It is indeed!" said Jackie.

"It is, honest truth!" said Jane and Tommy.

"All right," replied old Hoo-Hoo. "I will let you prove that you mean to be good."

Tomorrow I have to build a nest for Mrs. Hoo-Hoo in the old elm tree. You must gather sticks, hair, feathers and soft brown leaves for me all day long. Will you promise me to do that?"

"We will!" cried the four little jays earnestly. So the old owl flew away and allowed them to go to sleep at last. Pretty soon they heard his long, deep-voiced call as he hunted the fields for mice.

The next day the sparrows ate their bread in peace, the hickory nuts were not disturbed, and every milk check in the neighborhood was in its proper place—all because four little jay birds worked harder than they had ever worked before. They gathered sticks, hair and little brown leaves to line old Hoo-Hoo's new home.

That night when they were tired and hungry and had to go supperless to bed, Jackie said meekly, "Dear me, the next time we tease an old owl let's not do it." And all the rest of them agreed with little Jackie Jay.



THE HOUSE-BUILDING CONTEST

By Winifred Livingstone Bryning

ONE day Dame Nature decided to give a prize to the flying creature that built the most beautiful and useful house.

"Remember, my children," she said, "beautiful and useful. Now I give you all summer in which to build, and just before fall I shall come to see what you have done."

The flying creatures were all much excited. The birds were sure that they should be the winners. "How can we help winning," asked the orioles, "since our nests are so wonderfully made? They are woven throughout."

"But look at our palaces!" exclaimed the queen bee. "They are built of wax; each little cell is perfect in itself. There is nothing to compare with them in the whole world."

"Oh, your houses!" the wasps said spitefully. "Ours are far superior. They are made entirely of paper and glue. We manufacture both ourselves. And that is very clever of us, as you must admit."

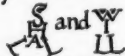
The summer hummed busily by. The bees worked furiously at gathering honey and building their houses, and the other insects worked hard too; and the robins, the bluebirds, the thrushes, the mocking birds, the finches and the orioles took special care to build neat and beautiful nests. The orioles selected strong threads to weave into their little pocket houses that hung from the elm trees. The crows and the catbirds, however, were careless and untidy.

One day toward the end of summer, a funny-looking little caterpillar came and tapped on Dame Nature's door. "O Mother Nature," she said, "I have been wondering for ever so long if you would consider me a flying creature. I should like very much to be in the house-building contest, for I hope to have wings by-and-by. Will you?"

"We'll," Dame Nature said at last, "since



Come climb into my lap, my dear,
And cuddle down. If you be still,
I'll tell you of two little boys
Whose funny names are



Now *S* is never very sure
Just where to go or what to do;
He bickers, fusses, fumes and asks,
"I go?—I don't know.—Would you?"

But *W* makes up his mind at once
When asked a mission to fulfill,
He wastes no time but promptly says,
"Count on me! Yes sirree!"



By Margaret Wheeler Ross

you are one of those little worms that hang from twigs by a thread that you spin yourselves, I suppose I shall have to consider you a flying creature. The spiders insisted on being in the contest because they make aerial flights even though they have no wings. What family do you belong to?"

"My name is Mulberry Grub at present," said the caterpillar, "but in a little while I shall have a coming-out party, and then people will call me Miss Mulberry Moth."

"Well, go ahead and build yourself a little house," said Dame Nature.

In another month Dame Nature came to inspect the houses that the flying creatures had built. She was greatly pleased with the work of the honeybees, the wasps and the spiders and delighted with the nests of some of the birds. But when she saw what the catbirds and the crows had done she sniffed with scorn. "You lazy creatures!" she said and passed on.

Then she turned to the butterflies. "Where are your houses?" she asked.

"Oh, we had houses," said one, "but we left them to come out and play in the warm sunshine."

"You should have stayed in them or near them until I saw them," said Dame Nature.

"Oh, well," said the butterflies, and that was all they could say, for they thought only of their clothes.

"Now, where does Mulberry Grub live?" asked Dame Nature.

"In the mulberry tree," answered a honeybee. "She ate mulberry leaves all summer; then she built a house and locked herself up in it. She refuses to come out until you come to see her."

Dame Nature hurried to the mulberry tree, and there she found Mulberry Grub's beautiful cocoon.

"Why, this house is indeed perfect," cried Dame Nature, and she seemed to be very much pleased. "It is made entirely of silk, spun all in one long strand. It must have taken great patience."

"I spun all the silk myself," said a shy little voice inside the cocoon.

Then Miss Mulberry Moth broke out of the cocoon and spread her beautiful wings to the sunlight.

"The prize goes to you," said Dame Nature. "You have built a house that is both beautiful and useful, for men will weave the threads that you spin into a cloth that shall be the most beautiful of mortal wear."

So Dame Nature bestowed the prize on shy little Mulberry Moth, whose real name is Silkworm. What the prize was no one knows except Mulberry Moth herself.

THE INDIAN ARROWHEAD

Verse and Drawings
by Edith Ballinger Price

I found an Indian arrowhead
And hid it in an earthy bed;
With pick and spade I dug around
And smoothed the surface of the ground,
And then some moss I put about
That people should not find it out.

Of course I had to have some way
To find the place myself some day;
And so I measured from the wall
This way and that and marked it all
And made a little chart to show,
As treasure hidings do, you know.

I'll leave it there for many a day,
But sometime when I'm out at play
I'll go and find that arrowhead
And dig it from its earthy bed
And play some Indian hid it so,
At least one hundred years ago!





THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Its subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to this office and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them.

Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY

The Youth's Companion
Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

THE DISEASES OF OLD AGE

NOT all ills from which the aged may suffer from time to time are properly to be regarded as diseases of old age. The ills are of three sorts. First there are the infirmities of old age: the stoop, the stiffness of the joints, the dimness of vision and the hardness of hearing, the slowness of digestion and of all the other bodily functions. Those are not diseases, but merely the results of changes incident to old age and should be regarded as normal. Secondly there are the ordinary diseases that may attack us at any period of life from the cradle to the grave. Those, although they are not diseases peculiar to old age, may be modified in their course by the altered constitution of their victim. Finally we have what may properly be called the diseases of old age, or senile diseases. For some reason persons who are aging seem to resent the use of the word "senile"; apparently they think it implies mental weakening.

Arteriosclerosis, or thickening and hardening of the walls of the arteries, which in itself is when not excessive a normal condition of old age, however much it may be pathological in earlier life, is nevertheless the underlying cause of most of the special diseases incidental to old age or at least is associated with them. Of the same nature as arteriosclerosis and often associated with it is a degeneration of the walls of the heart; an increase of the fibrous support normally present penetrates and compresses the muscular tissue. In the lungs we find a dilation of the air cells or a breaking down of the partitions between them, the result of which is a diminution of the blood-aërating surfaces, which in turn gives rise to habitual shortness of breath. Dilation of the stomach is a not uncommon condition; it is marked chiefly by flatulent indigestion and is accompanied with constipation.

Bronchitis is one of the most common of the diseases of old age; and one of the most distressing is called senile pruritus, an intolerable itching produced because the degenerative processes in the skin compress the end of the nerves. Apoplexy is another of the recognized diseases of old age. Cancer is not so regarded; it is a disease of later adult life rather than of old age.

The action of the mind may be weakened in consequence of changes in the substance of the brain that are associated with hardening of the arteries. The weakening may amount merely to slowness of mental processes—slight forgetfulness and so on—or to actual senile dementia.

JANE MARCHAND'S CAREER

KATHLEEN DRURO was trembling when she reached Dr. Romna's study: it had taken all her courage to ask for the interview. "I'm afraid—I had no right to ask for the time," she stammered, "but if you can't do it, nobody in the world can! It's about Jane Marchand—about her giving up her music and going home. Oh, it seems so wicked with a voice like hers!"

"It's a question of younger brothers and sisters, I understand," Dr. Romna's tone was non-committal.

"Oh, I suppose some one is needed!" the girl acknowledged. "Why couldn't the Marchands get a housekeeper? To think of Jane's sacrificing her whole life! For even if it were only five years, there wouldn't be any hope of her making it up, would there?"

Dr. Romna looked at her steadily for a moment. "There would be no hope for opera work, but why do you so want that for her?"

"Why?" The girl was amazed. "Why, it's the highest goal there is, isn't it?"

"Why should it be? What is the reward?" The recognition and the experience—and giving pleasure to thousands of people—and the people you'd meet—why, everything!"

"Suppose we sort things out a little. I notice that you didn't include, by the way, the joy of achievement itself, the mastery of the art. To the true artist that is the supreme joy. But for the rest,—the recognition and the travel and

the people you meet,—those are rather selfish aims, after all, are they not?"

"But to give pleasure to thousands! Surely that is unselfish?"

"To give pleasure to those whose lives have little opportunity for it, yes. But there are few opera goers in that class." He smiled at the look of dismay in the girl's face. "Miss Marchand was in here this morning to talk things over," he said. "She is planning to organize singing classes and contests throughout the county."

Kathleen waited, silent.

"To help in the training of citizens in the home, to give music to children who would have no chance for it otherwise. As she explained it all to me I congratulated her. Miss Marchand was one of my most promising pupils. I feel that she has magnificently justified the promise I saw in her. I would not change her decision if I could, Miss Druro. It is for a true friend, such as I perceive she has, to stand by her and be glad with her."

Kathleen drew a long breath. "I—I'll try," she promised.

A JOB FOR A HUNGRY MAN

MANY strange trades are practiced in Paris. The professional mourner, the expert whistler, who teaches canaries to sing, the dog barber and dog washer, all are well known. But the huge man whom Mr. Clive Holland describes in Chambers's Journal seems to have had the strangest work of all. And it had at least this advantage: he could not starve at it. His profession was that of eating!

Some years ago, says Mr. Holland, there appeared at many of the Paris fairs a man whose sole apparent means of livelihood was that of eating enormous quantities of a certain make of dainties connected with the pork trade; the object was to induce people to buy. He used to be seen day after day at the stall eating, eating, and loudly proclaiming the deliciousness of the food. That the proprietor of the stall found his services valuable is certain. *L'homme qui mange* (the eating man)—as the Parisians nicknamed him—traveled with his employer the whole round of the fairs and attended not only those in Paris and its environs but also those in the departments.

How many meals the unfortunate man must have eaten when he had not the shadow of an appetite is appalling to think of! As might be expected, he grew fat at his queer trade, and ultimately he took a post in one of the traveling shows and spent the rest of his life, until his death a few years ago, sitting in a huge chair on the platform in front of a booth to exhibit his great bulk to the crowds. Though he had been a man of ordinary weight and proportions,—he was only five feet eight inches tall,—he weighed at the time we saw him three hundred and twenty-two pounds!

A SOW IN A CORNFIELD

ONE day, writes a contributor, an old sow belonging to one of our neighbors got out of the pen, and for a while no one could find her. Then some one spied her in a cornfield. When our neighbor and his boy went to drive her out she refused to leave such a good feeding ground. From time to time they tried in vain to dislodge her, until before long she had become a wild hog and was dangerous.

Later in the fall Warner, the neighbor's boy, armed himself with stones and went to look for her. Pretty soon he found her and walked to within about three feet of her. She turned round, looked at him and began to smack her lips. He struck her in the head with a stone and then turned and ran as she made for him.

He was gaining when he stumbled and fell. The sow was close to him before he could get up, and he saved himself only by rolling to one side as she went by. She turned and was coming at him again when she spied his father. At that moment the man raised his shotgun and fired. The shot struck her in the side and enabled the boy to reach the fence in safety.

A few weeks passed, and it was time to husk corn. But whenever the huskers came near the sow she would attack them, and they would have to climb up on the wagons.

Finally our neighbor told the butcher to get help and come and kill the sow; he also told him to be sure and come with ponies. But when the men arrived the sow would not be quiet long enough for them to get a good shot at her. More than half a day passed before one of the men shot her in the head.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

A BOSTON lady engaged a neat elderly woman to act as cook and general maid on the woman's representation that she had had experience in such work. The first breakfast was a ghastly disappointment. The cereal was half raw, the bacon burnt, and the coffee was hopeless stuff. The lady not unnaturally protested.

"At my last place the people were satisfied with my breakfasts," said the "cook" with some asperity.

"What did they have for breakfast?" asked the lady.

"The master, he had dry cereal, and the mistress had a cup of hot water," replied the cook.



STAMPS TO STICK

AMERICAN business interests continue to receive letters that, although mailed at the ordinary post offices in the Colombian republic, bear aeroplane stamps. Collectors do not recognize them because they are issued and sold only semi-officially; but, although they are not accepted as postage stamps in the sense that various government-authorized aeroplane stamps are accepted, collectors put them into their albums, and there is a strong demand for them on the part of those who specialize in air-post stamps. There are various denominations, including values of 10 centavos, grayish green, 30 centavos, deep green, and 1 peso, gray, each showing an aeroplane above mountains or buildings, or both. They are printed, not by the Colombian government officials, but by a private aeroplane company in the republic. Each letter must bear the customary amount of postage in the ordinary stamps of the country; but if the sender wants the letter to go by air, he buys the privately issued aeroplane stamp or stamps. A letter thus sent reaches New York from Colombia about three days sooner than that by the ordinary mail route. The principal flight is between Barranquilla and Puerto Colombia.

The strange phase of the situation is that, although the Colombian government does not run the air-post service, it allows mail to be thus transported. So far as collectors know, the government receives none of the revenue.

Collectors, and particularly specialists in air-post stamps, are anxious to have the stamps recognized, but the publishers of the American standard catalogue take the attitude that the stamps are semiprivate issues, not authorized by the Colombian government, even though they are allowed to be used on Colombian mail.

Against that policy collectors argue that the stamps are to be had, unused, at the office of the Colombian consul in New York and presumably at Colombian consulates in other American cities and possibly abroad. Moreover, stamped on air-post letters that reach the United States is an inscription urging business interests to make use of the service and advising them that the consul in New York has the stamps for sale, and that he will furnish all necessary information.

If the Colombian government has no direct interest in the air post, collectors ask, why is the consul in New York permitted to handle the stamps and encourage the use of the service? And if he is so permitted, does not that permission amount to official recognition of the stamps?

Incidentally, the Colombian stamps have recently appeared with various letters overprinted on them. It appears that those letters denote the countries to which the letters are destined—G. B. for Great Britain, F. for France, E. U. for United States, E. for Spain, P. for Panama, and A. for Germany.

A STUDY of the current stamps of Latvia tells the collector about the currency that that Baltic republic put into use at the beginning of the present year. As previously told in The Companion (May 24), Latvia on January 1 introduced the gold standard. Until then the kopeck and the ruble of Russia were in use, and the Latvian equivalents, "kap" and "rublis," appeared on the stamps of the republic. With the change in currency, centimes and francs were introduced,—in Latvian, "lat" for franc and "santami" for centime,—and those terms are inscribed on the Latvian stamps now in use, or rather santami is, for no higher, or lat, denominations have as yet appeared.

Early in 1923 the first stamp in the new series was distributed—the 4-santami dark green, with the Latvian coat of arms as the design. Later appeared the 10-santami red and the 20-santami deep blue, and just recently came the 2-santami orange, all with the same coat-of-arms design.

One hundred santami equal one gold lat, and in ordinary commerce it takes five lats and twenty santami to equal one American dollar. Thus the gold lat is approximately equal to the French franc before the Great War—that is, it is worth approximately twenty cents.

It is interesting to know that postal rates in Latvia can no longer be changed at the whim of the minister of finance or by unauthorized order by the postal officials. The minister of finance jumped the rates 50 per cent on January 1 simultaneously with the introduction of the new currency. His arbitrary action caused widespread protest on the part of the public and the press, and on June 1 the Latvian parliament reduced the rates to their former level and decreed that thereafter the rates should be revised only by the legislature. The decree forestalled many expected surcharges similar to many of the numerous overprints that have appeared in Memel, Lithuania, Poland and other countries. The order has given Latvia a cleaner philatelic record, to the gratification of collectors.

Because some forgeries were discovered, all but a few of the stamps expressed in kopeck and ruble terms have been demonetized. The Latvian authorities undertook to dispose of the remainder of some of the old issues at an auction, but

as only two prospective purchasers appeared, the plan was given up. It did, however, show that the stocks of the early issues had been almost exhausted, so that collectors expect that the earlier stamps will begin to increase in value. Of some of the denominations, it was revealed, only 120,000 to 155,000 copies were issued, which is a comparatively small supply for philately, especially as many of them were probably destroyed after they had been used.

Latvia has just created a charity series by overprinting 10 Santami on some of the current values. The money thus raised will be devoted to the relief of war victims.

NEW postage stamps are appearing in such profusion in all parts of the world that it is virtually impossible for the average collector to keep informed about all of them. In the past two months literally hundreds of stamps have been issued, and various governments have announced plans for other fascinating sets, some of which will not appear until next year or in 1925.

When the currency of a country depreciates in value, as that of Germany, of Russia and of Poland has depreciated, new stamps appear. Postal rates are revised, as in Martinique, Somali Coast, Dutch Indies, and other issues appear. Governments set out to raise special funds for so-called charitable purposes, as in Russia, Latvia, Italy, and still other sets are issued. Countries or colonies receive authority for new distinctive series of their own, as Irak, Rio de Oro, Spanish Guinea, and there are more stamps for collectors to scramble for.

There is a reason—often a mere excuse—for each new stamp—political changes, military emergencies, economic conditions, speculation by postal officials, and other motives almost without end. Certainly a study of all the new stamps enlarges the knowledge of the collector and makes him familiar with many interesting happenings. That, briefly, explains the increasing popularity of collecting.

TO commemorate the triumph of the Fascisti, the Italian government is planning to issue a special series of five values—10 centesimi, 30 centesimi, 50 centesimi, 1 lira and 2 lire—to go on sale October 26, 27 and 28. Meanwhile Italy has put forth its final stamps for use at the Italian post office at Constantinople, for the station has since been closed. The stamps are the current Italian issue from the 5-centesimo to the 10-lira, nine denominations in all, overprinted *Constantinopoli* in capital letters at the top, and having new values expressed in terms of Turkish currency, ranging from 30 paras to 90 piasters, at the bottom. The Italian 1.20-lira express stamp is similarly treated by being converted into a 15-piaster value.

IN 1925 Wilhelmina will have been on the throne of the Netherlands for thirty-five years, having become queen when only a child. The postal officials of Holland are already making plans for a commemorative series to appear during the celebrations that will take place. Artists have submitted designs for the stamps, which will range in value from 5 cents to 5 gulden.

THREE Spanish possessions are to have new stamps. Those of Spanish Guinea will show a native warrior and a canoe, those of the Spanish offices in Morocco a native postal courier, and those of Rio de Oro a camel in the Sahara.

U. S. ERROR

So of 1917, printed in red, in pair with 2 cent stamp, o. g. fine . . . \$4.00
UNITED STATES, 16 cent Aeroplane, used, fine15
UNITED STATES, \$2.00 Wine stamp, used, fine35
MONTENEGRO, 1907, complete set, unused15
MONTENEGRO, 1910, complete set, unused30
U. S. PRICE LIST FREE. Fine selections on approval.

B. L. VOORHEES, 25 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

NYASSA GIRAFFES

and packet 62 different scarce stamps, FINE TRIANGLE, large 4.00 U. S., etc. to introduce approvals
FENNELL STAMP CO., Dept. Y, St. Louis, Mo.

START A STAMP COLLECTION—70 different stamps from 70 different foreign countries, including Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, West Indies, etc. Our pamphlet which tells "How to make a collection properly," and price list of albums, packets and sets, all for only 16c. Queen City Stamp Co., Room 38, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

QUICK SERVICE APPROVALS

have already pleased hundreds of Companion readers. You try 'em and be convinced. Usual 50% off with extra discounts for quick returns. Also a real premium to applicants: 3 rare Cuba Rep. cat. over U. S. and price list. D. M. WARD, 608 Buchanan St., Gary, Ind.

200 DIFFERENT STAMPS (\$3.75 catalog value), and price list, 16c to those asking for our 50% discount approval selections. Hinges 16c per 1000. K. C. STAMP CO., Dept. 1, 939 Lee Building, Kansas City, Mo.

200 all different FREE to approval applicants sending postage. 800 diff. all countries 75c; 1000 diff. \$1.75. H. W. Meyers & Co., 1016 Florida St., Richmond, California.

AMHERST PACKET 50 diff. postally used Brit. Col. and S. & C. America, catalog \$2.50 for 30c. HAROLD SHEPARD, Amherst, Mass.

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 3c. 1000 hinges 16c. List Free. Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

STAMPS 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 3c. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

FREE! 100 Different to Applicants for Profit-Sharing Approvals. C. Donaldson, 2-8, Massillon, Ohio.

IN HER GARDEN

By Marian Hurd McNeely



*I think her flowers know she's dead;
The foxgloves' freckled faces
That she expected back this year
Have vanished from their places.
And all the garden underworld—
The chickweed, dock and sorrel—
Flaunt vulgar faces to the sky
And with the poppies quarrel.*

*The sweet alyssum that her shears
Kept in such perfect order—
A snowy file of graduates
Along the garden's border—
Have straggled from their fragrant aisle
Where bees are sadly humming
And wander down the flagstone path
To see if she is coming.*

*The fragrance of her lilies' breath
That western winds are bearing
Is like a voice, a wooing voice,
That calls her back to caring.
I know the earth, the gentle earth,
That knew her for a lover,
In memory of garden days
Lies tenderly above her.*

*And this to me the truest sign:
Where never seed was sown
Or root was planted there a blue
Forget-me-not has sprung.*

SOMETHING KEPT ME

A BUSINESS man said recently in an informal talk to his Bible class of young men: "My stepfather was unkind to me, and I left home for good when I was only eleven years old. My mother was a good woman, —I loved her, and she loved me,—but she knew little of the world and could not advise me as an experienced father might have done."

"For the next six years I mingled with all classes of people except good people and had every opportunity to become a tough and criminal. Well, I wasn't a model boy by any means, but I never lost my footing. How I kept it I don't know. As I look back at those days I can't remember that I had the instinctive shrinking from wrongdoing that is the safeguard of some sensitive natures. The things I saw and heard didn't disgust me."

"When I was about seventeen years old a lad from the country came to work in the factory where I was employed, and he and I became intimate. John Wilson—that was his name—told me a good deal about his home, which had been a far different home from mine. John had had his share of temptations, but he said frankly that he believed his mother's prayers had helped to carry him through. I began to wonder whether my mother had ever prayed for me. If she had prayed for me, she had done it in secret."

"One evening I went with John to a religious meeting in a little Methodist chapel in the suburbs. Some of the earnest prayers I heard that night amazed me. What most impressed me were the petitions for all who were tempted, helpless, destitute, distressed, lonely or friendless. That seemed odd to me. I had always thought of prayer—when I had thought of it at all—as asking God for something we wanted for ourselves. I had never thought that Christians the world over prayed for people whom they didn't know but who needed God's protection and help. And during those years of hardship and temptation such prayers had been going up to God for me! Something had kept me all through those perilous days! Something was keeping me now and would keep me to the end! God's people had called God's attention to me, and He had been watching over me."

"I think I learned the secret of prayer that night. Praying for people I don't know has a meaning for me. It isn't a formula; some one needs it. Who can say where I should be today but for the prayers of strangers?"

THE NEWELL WAY

"HARRIET, what are you doing with all that sewing?" Jane Barlow demanded. "You ought to be in bed this minute!" Harriet Newell lifted her tired eyes. "It's for Delphine to wear tomorrow night. I couldn't bear to have her disappointed."

"But surely Delphine could wear something else! She has half a dozen pretty frocks and looks nice in any one of them. She wouldn't want you to wear yourself sick for her!"

"Of course she wouldn't," Harriet replied sharply. "But I know how she wanted this, and is it any wonder?" As she spoke she shook out the exquisite misty blue thing.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," Jane declared, "if I were Delphine, I'd never in the world put it on."

Harriet stared at her. "Jane Barlow! After I've been to all the work of making it for her!"

Jane laughed a trifle shortly. "Oh, I acknowledge it would be a temptation," she conceded. And after all Delphine didn't wear the blue gown, for the next night Harriet was so sick that Delphine wouldn't leave her. Harriet begged her to go. "It's only one of my headaches," she pleaded.

Delphine's pretty mouth set mutinously. "I couldn't enjoy a moment with you sick like this," she declared indignantly. "You know I couldn't, Harriet."

Harriet was too ill to argue, but after Delphine had gone upstairs Jane saw tears on the white face. And when Delphine came down and picked up a book her pretty eyelids were red.

"Where's Tess?" Jane asked suddenly.

Delphine started. "Tess? She's gone with Amy to the Chandlers' recital."

"I thought Tess hated music."

"She does, but she knows how Amy dislikes going alone. And Amy frequently goes with Tess to her Women's League meetings, you know. Turn about's fair play. Why, what's the matter, Jane?"

Jane's clenched hand had come down upon the table. "You all make me so mad!" she cried. Delphine stared at her.

"You do!" Jane went on. "I've been here two weeks, and I've grown angrier every day. It's so senseless the way you all sacrifice yourselves for one another—every one of you wearing herself out doing things she hates because she's afraid of being selfish! Haven't you any common sense? Can't you see that all your self-sacrifice is only selfishness masquerading? Harriet knew she'd make you miserable if she got sick over that gown, but she kept on doing it just the same. And now you've made her miserable by not going to the party; so I suppose you're even! And Amy and Tess! Oh, you make me boil! Why can't any one of you have a little fresh, out-and-out, open-air selfishness? Then you'd get out of this tangle, and you'd all be happy instead of getting your nerves frazzled by giving up to everybody else!"

Delphine was still staring. "I never heard of such a thing!" she cried.

ROPING A MOUNTAIN LION

THE mountain lion, coward though he is by nature, is a terrible fellow when cornered. We do not blame Mr. Zane Grey for once being timid about following his companions into a cañon to lasso a lion that they had treed. For a moment, he says in *Tales of Lonely Trails*, I could not get off my horse; I was chained to my saddle by a strange vacillation that could have been no other thing than fear.

"Are you afraid?" called Jones from below. "Yes, but I am coming," I replied and dismounted to plunge down the hill.

"Not too close!" Jones warned me. "He might jump. It's a Tom, a two-year-old, and full of fight."

Old Moze, one of the hounds, had already climbed a third of the distance up to the lion. "Hyar, Moze! Out of there, you rascal coon chaser!" Jones yelled, but Moze replied with his snarly bark and climbed on steadily.

"I've got to pull him out," said Jones. "Watch close, boys, and tell me if the lion starts down." When Jones climbed the first few branches of the tree, a cedar, Tom growled ominously. Then, snarling viciously, the lion started to descend.

"Boys, maybe he's bluffing," said Jones. "Grab sticks and run at the tree and yell as if you were going to kill him."

Probably the demonstration we made under the tree would have frightened even an African lion. Tom hesitated, showed his white fangs, returned to his first perch and from there climbed as far as he could.

"Here, punch Moze out," said Jim, handing up a long pole.

But the old hound hung like a leech. At last he fell heavily and, venting his battle cry, started to climb again, but Jim seized him and made him fast to a rope.

"I'm going farther up," said Jones.

"Be quick," yelled Jim.

When Jones reached the middle fork of the cedar he stood erect and extended the noose of his lasso on the point of his pole. With a hiss and a snap Tom struck at it savagely. The second trial tempted the lion to saw the rope with his teeth. In a flash Jones withdrew the pole and lifted a loop of the slack rope over the lion's ears. "Pull!" he yelled.

Emmett at the other end of the lasso pulled the lion out with a crash and gave the cedar such a tremendous shaking that Jones lost his footing and fell heavily. Thrilling though the moment was, I had to laugh, for Jones came up out of a cloud of dust, as angry as a wet hornet, and made prodigious leaps to get out of reach of the whirling lion.

"Look out!" he bawled.

Tom, certainly none the worse for his tumble, made three leaps, two at Jones and one at Jim. Then for a moment a thick cloud of dust enveloped the wrestling lion, and Jones tied the free end of the lasso to a sapling. "Blast the luck!" he yelled, reaching for another lasso. "I didn't mean for you to pull him out of the tree. Now he'll get loose or kill himself."

When the dust cleared away we discovered our prize stretched out at full length and frothing at the mouth. As Jones approached, the lion began a succession of evolutions so rapid as to be almost indiscernible. All that I could see was a violently rotating wheel of dust and yellow fur. Then a thud, and the lion lay inert.

Jones pounced upon him in a flash and loosened the lasso round his neck.

"Here, help me tie his paws together," he shouted to us. "Look out there! Keep out of his way! He's coming to!"

The lion stirred and raised his head. Jones ran the loop of the second lasso round the two hind paws and stretched the lion out. In that helpless position and with no strength and hardly any breath left in him the creature was easy to handle. With Emmett's help Jones quickly clipped the sharp claws, tied the four paws together, took off the neck lasso and substituted a collar and chain.

"There, that's one," said Jones. "But we're lucky. Emmett, never pull another lion clear out of a tree. Pull him over a limb and hang him there while some one below ropes his hind paws."

WHY SALESGIRLS GO MAD

WHILE waiting for change at a small-ware counter in one of the large department stores the other day, writes Miss Blanche E. Nowell in the *Hope Chest*, I heard the following conversation between a customer and a salesgirl:

Customer—Have you any hair curlers that are a lighter shade than these here?

Salesgirl—No, madam, they are all we have in celluloid.

Customer—I had some that were a lighter shade, but they didn't have ends just like these. I wonder if you have any?

Salesgirl—No, madam, those are all we have.

Customer—Well, I did have some.

Salesgirl—Did you purchase them here?

Customer—Oh, I don't remember where I got them; it was before the war.

Salesgirl—That accounts for it, madam. Before the war they were all made of bone; now they are made of celluloid.

Customer—You don't think I can get any somewhere else do you?

Salesgirl—No, madam, we haven't had any for several years, and I don't think anyone else has any.

Customer—How much are these?

Salesgirl—Twenty-five cents a card. Five on a card.

Customer—There are only four on this card.

Salesgirl—It happens that one has dropped off that particular card, but all the other cards have five.

Customer—You say these are all alike?

Salesgirl—Yes, all alike.

Customer—How much did you say they are?

Salesgirl—Twenty-five cents a card.

Customer—You only sell them by the card?

Salesgirl—Just by the card, madam.

Customer—Well, I'll think it over.

THE SHOEMAKER'S KINGDOM

HE was in his way a king, that miserably poor and helplessly paralyzed old shoemaker who lived in one of the grimmest streets in the squalid East End of London. He could think great thoughts, bright, happy thoughts by means of which he peopled his kingdom, the dark little kitchen in which he sat day in and day out. In London's Underworld, Mr. Thomas Holmes, who for upward of a quarter of a century was a police-court missionary, reports this remarkable conversation, which took place between himself and the cripple:

"It is a very hard life for you sitting month after month on that chair, unable to do anything!"

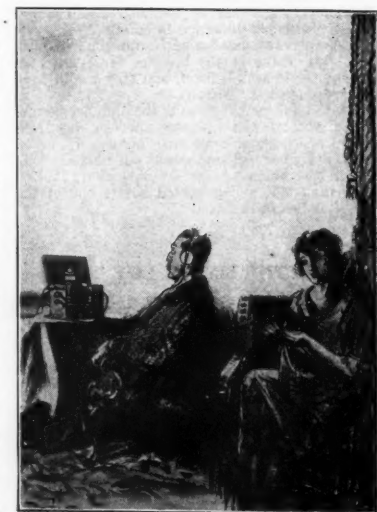
"It is hard; I do not know what I should do if I could not think."

"But isn't it hard for you to do nothing except think?"

"No; it is my pleasure and occupation."

"What do you think about as you sit here?"

THE WIRELESS WIDOW



—London in the Sketch

"All sorts of things—what I have read, mostly."

"What have you read?"

"Everything that I could get hold of—novels, poetry, history and travel."

"What novelist do you like best?"

The answer came, prompt and decisive: "Dickens."

"Why?"

"He loved the poor; he shows a greater belief in humanity than Thackeray."

"How do you prove that?"

"Well, take Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; it is clever and satirical, but there is only one good character, and he was a fool; but in Dickens you come across character after character that you can't help loving."

"How about poetry; what poets do you like?"

"The minor poets of two hundred years ago. Herrick, Churchill, Shenstone and others."

"Why do you like them?"

"They are so pretty, so easy to understand; you know what they mean. They speak of beauty and flowers and love; their language is tuneful and sweet."

"You have read Shakespeare?"

"Yes, every play, again and again."

"Which do you like best?"

"I like them all, the historical and the imaginative. I have never seen one acted, but to me King Lear is his masterpiece."

As the missionary went out the old shoemaker doubled over farther in his chair, alone with his thoughts, alone with his kingdom.

THE OBSEQUIES OF PIG

ON New Year's Day the mascot at the University of Texas, a good-natured old white-and-tan bulldog, was accidentally killed by an automobile. For eight years old Pig Belmont, as he was called, had howled at the football games and snored in the classrooms. Every dog has his day, however, and the first day of 1923 found the old mascot hidden away in one of his favorite haunts, dead.

The "Texas Cowboys" took charge of the funeral arrangements. Pig's body was displayed in state in a specially made coffin at a place near the campus. More than seven thousand students passed and paid last respects to the "good old scout."

Just at the end of the winter afternoon the funeral procession led by the university band playing slow, dirgelike music crossed the campus to a picturesque spot where three giant oaks grow. Following came the cowboys carrying the small casket and a sign: "Pig's dead. Dog gone."

Dean Taylor of the engineering department delivered the oration; his subject was Devotion. A few of the thousands had gone to the funeral in a spirit of frivolity, but they soon realized the solemnity of the occasion. As the dean finished the band played taps. And then from a distant end of the campus came the notes of a lone bugle; the bugler, too, played taps. And so Pig was laid to rest. No one, neither man nor beast, had ever before been buried on the campus.

ILLITERATE MINISTERS

IN the mountains of the South there are men who, though illiterate, have answered the call to the ministry. Naturally, they are handicapped, for they must depend on others to read the Bible to them. But unfortunately—so we learn from Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart in *Moonlight Schools*—some of the pupils that the day schools turn out are as poor readers as those who never went to school.

"Paul was an oyster man," one of them once read to the ministry. Meaning of course "an austere man." The next Sunday the preacher declared to his congregation that Peter was a fisherman and that Paul was an oyster man. Thus his flock got a conception of Paul that probably was unique.

Another minister heard the sentence, "Jacob made booths for his cattle," read, "Jacob made boots for his cattle." The following Sunday he said from the pulpit: "Jacob, that humane man, would not even permit his cattle to go barefooted, but made boots for them to protect their tender feet as they walked over the stones."

MODEST BUT TRUTHFUL

A CERTAIN lawyer had found the witness difficult to manage, says *Harper's Magazine*, and finally asked the man whether or not he was acquainted with any of the men whom he saw in the jury box.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why," retorted the witness, "if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

THE CHILD WAS RIGHT

THE teacher, says an exchange, was giving the kindergarten class a lesson in natural history. Turning to one small tot, she inquired: "What do elephants have that no other animals have?"

"Little elephants," was the surprising reply.

The MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR

By HAROLD
BELL
WRIGHT

"Every life has
its 'mine with
the iron door'—its
dreams...its hopes..."

CHARACTERS

THE MAN: Hugh Edwards, a fine type of American who has learned through struggle and wrong and disappointment to appreciate the best things of life at their real value.

THE GIRL: Marta, a child of nature, living with her guardians in the canyon.

THE PARDNERS: Bob Hill and Thad Grove, two picturesque old miners who have adopted Marta.

DR. JIMMY: James Burton, a famous doctor, forced through ill health to abandon his practice and come with his mother to live in the desert, beloved by all, rich and

poor alike, known throughout the canyon as "St. Jimmy."

MRS. BURTON: Mother of Dr. Jimmy, fine type of womanhood, gentle, unselfish, making a home for her son in the desert.

THE INDIAN: Na-ta-chee, an Apache who has reverted to type, in spite of a slight veneer of education.

THE LIZARD: A poor specimen of manhood, white trash of low order.

SONORA JACK: An outlaw.

SHERIFF, MEXICANS, OUTLAW'S,
COWBOYS, PROSPECTORS, ETC.



It is a romance of adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells you in this novel. The scene is laid in what is peculiarly the Harold Bell Wright country, the Catalina Mountains of Arizona. Strange stories drift about that region, and thither many men have come—Spaniards, explorers, priests, Indians, cattlemen, and adventurers from every land—who have mounted its heights, up and up under the wide skies, over the vast deserts, upon the wild mountains, to the mighty Cañade del Oro—The Canyon of Gold. Today men still hear of the great lost mine, "the mine with the iron door."

In Harold Bell Wright's novel a man wanders into this canyon, up its trail as the sun is sinking. The only eye to see him is that of an Indian standing silhouetted against the sky, a figure of mystery and romance and adventure. This scene, with the lonely figures in the majestic open, precludes the story of heroism, of love, of human hearts, of glorious adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells.

You come to know the man, the fears he is fleeing, the hopes which unfold in the days which follow; you come to know the girl he finds up there at the end of the trail, a fragrant blossom of womanhood raised under the open skies; you come to know the girl's quaintly picturesque guardians, two old miners, and "Dr. Jimmy," a typically endearing character. And that mystery of the girl Marta's past, that evil which clutches at her, are parts of the life that Harold Bell Wright so inimitably portrays in this romance of high hopes and valiant living. The price of the book is \$2.00.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE BOOK

Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with 50 cents extra and we will present you with a copy of The Mine with the Iron Door, sending it to you postpaid.

NOTE: The book offered is given only to a present Companion subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 881 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

For its Beauty— your skin needs quick, simple cleansing

You probably realize that thorough daily cleansing of your skin is an important contribution to its beauty.

This is right. Indeed, daily cleansing is the very most important requirement for skin beauty.

But do not complicate the cleansing process—you will find the simplest method to be best.

Cleansing should not be allowed to make your skin more sensitive and tender than it already is. Remember that this thin covering of your face must resist sun, wind, dust and all the other damaging influences of everyday life—it needs all the help it can get.

While the cleansing process should,

therefore, be thorough, it should also be brief and simple in order to be safe.

Daily washing with Ivory Soap and warm water, in a perfectly common-sense way, followed by rinsing and a final dash of cold water to close the pores and bring the blood coursing to the surface, provides exactly this kind of thorough, yet safe, simple and pleasant cleansing. The film of oil and dust or powder disappears easily and quickly. Your skin is enlivened and refreshed. You have done everything necessary to give it the charm of softness and the ability to resist the attacks of another day.

We invite you to choose Ivory soap because Ivory is *pure*, and purity is of first importance.

Because it is pure, Ivory is naturally mild and gentle—safe for the most sensitive skin.

A soap that keeps its promises

The promises made to you by Ivory are very specific—safe-cleansing, gentle stimulation, and freedom from irritation of any kind.

It would be easy for us to add to Ivory such materials as artificial coloring matter or medicines; but such materials cannot improve the cleansing qualities of any soap, and would lower the Ivory standard of purity.

Ivory has a standing such as probably no other soap has ever enjoyed, and for one reason—Ivory keeps its promises absolutely.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



C-E-P



THESE are *minus* signs, indicating losses of money and business goodwill—Mr. Dixon, head of a big department store, is explaining to Mrs. Jollyco:

"We lose hundreds of dollars a year, Mrs. Jollyco, because our customers demand exchanges or refunds for delicate garments which have faded or shrunk! Yet *you* seem never to have any trouble. I would appreciate your advice."

"Well, Mr. Dixon, harsh soap is probably the chief cause of fading and shrinking. I have no trouble because all my laundry work is done with either Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. Why not have your clerks suggest this to your customers?"

Mr. Dixon's troubles will be fewer from now on.

IT'S been a long time since anyone has heard about our tricky neighbor, Mrs. Prowl.

Sh! Look.

Arrested! Yes, for taking the Ivory Soap from Tee-wee Jollyco's bathtub and substituting a harsh soap in its place!

The wise Judge sentenced her to solitary confinement and a daily bath with the same harsh soap. And now, dear reader, poor Mrs. Prowl is *pleading* for Ivory! Shall she have it?



NEW! Guest IVORY



What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is. Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.